HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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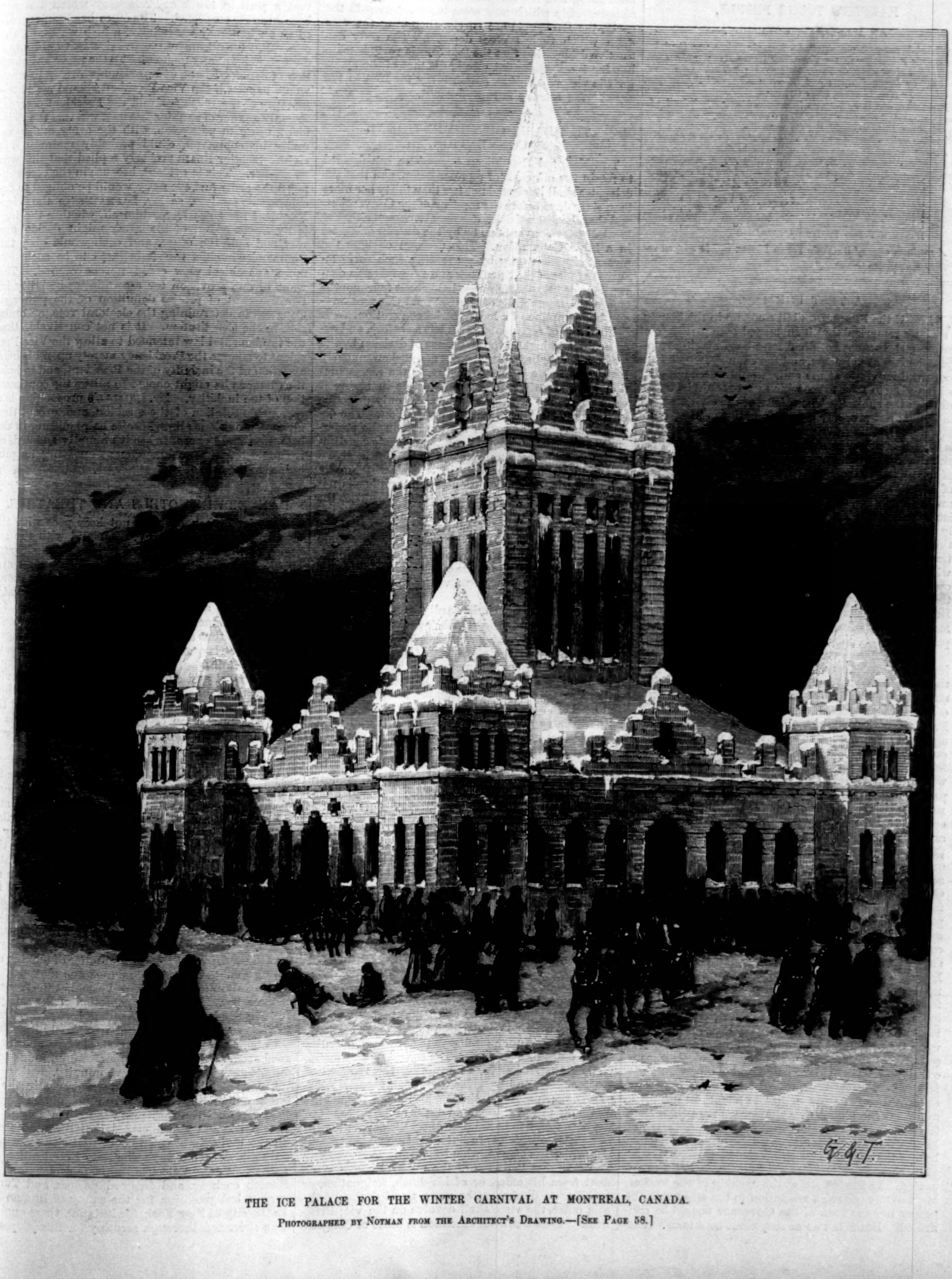

THE ICE PALACE FOR THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL, CANADA.

Photographed by Notman from the Architect's Drawing.—[See Page 58.]

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 23, contains "An Open-air Prison; or, Captain Harcourt's Adventure in the Terai," by DAVID KER; *"The Fast Freight," a short story, by* ELIOT MCCORMICK; *"Hunting the Rhinoceros," by* JIMMY BROWN; *and Chapters XIX. and XX. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

MRS. LILLIE *also contributes an interesting biographical sketch of the great musical composer* CARL MARIA VON WEBER. *With "The Great Stone Picture-Book"* MR. CHARLES BARNARD *concludes his interesting series of articles on the action of the sea upon the land.*

Among the artists whose contributions make this Number especially attractive are W. M. CARY, W. L. SHEPPARD, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and* HENRY STULL. *There is a very beautiful engraving of luxurious boyhood "Building Castles in the Air."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	Per Year	$1 50
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A TEST FOR 1884.

WHEN the PENDLETON bill came up in the Senate we remarked that it submitted both parties to a severe test, because both had long been making resonant demands for reform, and the country, which had expressed its views at the polls, would watch closely, with a view to 1884, to see which party could be trusted upon the subject. The reform of the civil service, indeed, is not properly a party question. That is to say, it does not involve principles of public policy. It is true that it concerns both the honesty of politics and the national character, and is therefore a question of the highest importance; but so far as it is a matter of legislation it simply provides methods of appointment, promotion, and removal, and regulates administrative detail. Yet while not in its nature essentially a party question, it affects party prosperity. When the country plainly requires a correction of administrative methods, the party that resists and obstructs will certainly suffer. There may be differences of opinion as to the proper interpretation of all that the extraordinary election of the autumn meant. But it is universally agreed that it meant some reform of the spoils system, and Congress has shown plainly enough that it accepted that view.

In this situation true party policy demanded unanimous support of a reasonable measure such as that of the PENDLETON bill. The Republicans have felt this strongly, and have acted accordingly. But the Democrats as a party have been plainly reluctant. Mr. PENDLETON, indeed, moved in the matter two years ago, and introduced a bill, for which he most generously substituted another prepared with care by the friends of reform. The true policy of his party friends was to support him, and, if possible, secure for their party the credit of reform. But when it became a serious practical question, although the Democratic leaders in the Senate sustained him, the real opposition and the opposing votes were Democratic; and although Mr. COX moved to put the bill upon its immediate passage in the House, yet of the forty-seven negative votes forty were Democratic, and one was a Greenbacker's. Meanwhile Democrats elsewhere have foolishly taken a course which tends to identify their party with the old spoils system, and at the very moment when it was sound party policy to dissolve the connection. A large part of the Democratic press has sneered at the PENDLETON bill or faintly praised it. In the Legislature of Ohio, Mr. PENDLETON's own State, not only did the Democratic members of the House refuse to vote to commend Congress for passing the bill, but they put upon record a solemn protest against it; while in the Senate the Democrats refused to vote upon the resolution of commendation. In Massachusetts, General BUTLER, the Democratic Governor, ridiculed the subject in his Message, and at the Democratic feast where he was nominated for the Presidency by ex-Governor SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, he put forth as his cry the phrase that the government belongs to its friends—a flat and meaningless paraphrase of MARCY's crisp and trenchant defiance, to the victors belong the spoils.

In New York Democratic hostility is not less apparent. In the Senate, at the opening of the session, Mr. COVERT offered a resolution to the effect that the proper nominations of the Governor should be confirmed. But this was as suspicious as a man's vehement assertion that he means to tell the truth. If the Senators should refuse to confirm such nominations they ought to be impeached. They might differ as to what are proper nominations, but that is another point. As this resolution was said to be intended to express sympathy with reform, Mr. PITTS, a Republican Senator, offered an amendment explicitly declaring certain reform principles, and he used the language of Governor CLEVELAND in his Message. But Mr. COVERT, in warmly opposing the amendment and denouncing the Republicans as Latter-day Saints, proclaimed his adhesion to the spoils doctrine, and his party friends, with two or three exceptions, voted against the amendment. The Democratic reluctance to approve the reform for which the party Conventions have been loudly declaring is due to the expectation of success in 1884. But with the genius for blundering and the singular incapacity for practical statesmanship which now seem to be inherent in the party, the Democrats are surely alienating the vote upon which their success depends. The only distinctive declaration that the Democratic party is making for the Presidential election is that of the spoils for the victor. It is as stupid a cry for 1884 as the cry of "the war is a failure" for 1864.

THE BASIS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE National Republican Committee has decided to retain the old basis of representation, and that the delegates shall be elected not less than thirty nor more than sixty days before the meeting of the Convention, and that the district delegates may be chosen either at local district conventions or by the district delegates in a State Convention. This decision changes the present situation only by preventing such performances as those of the New York and Pennsylvania conventions of 1880—which were held about four months before the assembling of the National Convention—and by the option of a local district convention.

The basis of representation is left as before, and exposes the nomination to the chance of decision by the "rotten boroughs." Mr. LOGAN asserted strenuously that there was a principle in basing the representation upon population, but no principle in basing it upon the vote. On the contrary, the only principle in the matter is with the latter proposition. The object of selecting delegates is to ascertain the preference of the party. To that end the delegate constituencies must be reasonably equalized. But to give a thousand Republican voters in one place the same representation with five thousand in another is not only to choose a false basis, but it is to subject the nomination to the chance of being decided against the wish of the majority of Republican voters. If, therefore, it be considered wise to give every Congressional district in the country a representation, nothing is plainer than that the increase of representation should be determined by Republican voters, and not by mere population.

But another result could hardly have been expected from a committee in which Territories and non-Republican States were largely represented. The distinct gain is that the absurdity of the unit rule is abolished. The Republican sentiment of every district will be heard and respected. This would have been still more assured by requiring the delegate election to be held in the districts. But the old tyranny yielded as little as possible. Meanwhile it is well to remember that Republican success depends, not upon the manner in which delegates are elected, important as that question is, but upon what the country believes to be the spirit and purpose of the Republican party. It is Congress, and not the National Committee, which can do most for Republican triumph in 1884.

PRESIDENTIAL INABILITY.

SENATOR INGALLS has introduced a bill providing a method of determining the inability of the President to discharge the duties of his office. The bill provides that whenever two heads of departments shall state in writing to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, if the court be not then sitting, the Chief Justice shall, within ten days, convene it to hear and determine summarily the question of the alleged inability, and if upon the hearing it shall appear to the court that inability exists, they shall certify their decision to the Vice-President, who shall thereupon discharge the powers and duties of the office of President. The second section makes a similar provision for determining the removal of the inability, and provides that, upon the ascertainment of such removal, the President shall resume the discharge of the powers and duties of his office.

This appears to be a simple and judicious settlement of a question which is full of mischievous possibilities, and which the Constitution left open. The Constitution says that "in case of the removal of the President from his office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." That is all. No mention is made of Congress or of legislation. But in case of the inability both of the President and Vice-President, Congress is expressly authorized to declare what officer shall act as President. Senator LAPHAM, of New York, in discussing the Presidential succession bill asserted that the conclusion is irresistible that the Vice-President alone must decide when to assume the duties of the Presidency. The constitutional provision he declares to be self-executing, and requiring no legislation. The President, however, in his annual Message, hopes that Congress will settle the question, in order that no possible embarrassment may arise; and the action of the Senate in passing Senator HOAR's bill prescribing the succession in the cabinet, and the prompt introduction of Senator INGALLS's bill, show a satisfactory disposition to follow the recommendation of the President.

The view of Senator LAPHAM, if correct, would reveal a peril in the Vice-Presidency which has not been hitherto suspected. The office has been regarded as an honorary superfluity, a fifth wheel, an excess. But the argument of Mr. LAPHAM would introduce anarchy at any moment. To the pertinent question of Senator BLAIR, of New Hampshire, as to what would happen if the Vice-President should assert the inability of the President, and the President deny it, the only answer of Senator LAPHAM was that the President, being in possession, with the army and navy under his command, could probably maintain his right. Senator BLAIR properly replied that this was no answer. This is evident, because in the case supposed the army and the navy would be obliged to decide for themselves, as Mr. LAPHAM says the Vice-President must decide for himself, whether the inability exists. Half of the army might decide one way and half the other, and each would obey the commander-in-chief that it believed to be such. A more anarchical view could not be offered. The want of due provision for ascertaining inability is, like the want of precise definition of the power of Congress in determining the electoral vote, an omission in the Constitution. It is not conceivable that the fundamental law intended to allow the Vice-President to assume the Presidency merely upon his own assertion of the inability of the President, and to hold it as long as he might choose to allege the continuation of the inability. Mr. INGALLS's proposition is a reasonable solution of the question, and, except that all such provisions allow infinite hair-splitting in debate, we should expect to see it promptly adopted, as it should be, with an amendment applying its procedure to the case of the Vice-President.

DANGERS IN HOTELS AND THEATRES.

CARE for human life does not keep pace with the astonishing progress of invention and with the advance of the conveniences of living. The elevator enables us to live in buildings enormously high, and with no more trouble in reaching the highest rooms than if they were all upon a level. But the elevator also furnishes a convenient and fatal passage for smoke and flame, and in a lofty house its increased advantage is thus at once set off by increased danger. Immense hotels capable of holding a thousand guests are the natural product of a country in which there is such incessant and enormous travel. Every device of convenience enables such a huge house to be thoroughly organized for the lodging, the eating, and the other accommodation of guests. But the means of escape from a building which holds a thousand persons are not greater, and by reason of the elevators are even less, than for buildings which hold only a hundred. Thus almost in the degree that hotels become vaster and more luxurious, and theatres more splendid, their safety diminishes, and stopping at a hotel and going to the theatre become serious perils.

This is another illustration of the inadequacy of the *laissez-faire* and *laissez-aller* theory. This theory holds that private enterprise must not be interfered with, because the sense of public or common aid and protection leads to laziness and the decline of the progressive spirit. But this principle, although stoutly preached by a certain school as the sole secret of progressive human welfare, is constantly challenged by the experience of society. Society does not tolerate the *laissez-faire* doctrine in the matter of making and selling gunpowder or other dangerous material. It does not allow ardent spirits to be sold at the free-will of the seller. It requires inspection of the safety of buildings and of the proper sanitary care of dwellings. In fact, society properly and necessarily interferes with individual action in a hundred ways, and for the good reason that mere self-interest is not found to be a sufficient protection to the community.

This principle of common interference in the interest of human life needs to be much more rigorously enforced. The fact that such a building as the Newhall House was tolerated in Milwaukee makes all the luxury and splendor of that city seem to be only gilded barbarism. The test of civilization and refinement is not electric lights, and elevators, and French cooking, and frescoed parlors, and Turkey carpets, but provision for the safety of human life. In the city of New York, for instance, there ought to be a strict and thorough scrutiny for this purpose of all hotels and lodging-houses by an authority competent to enforce necessary changes. Had there been such authority in Milwaukee, duly enforced, the frightful catastrophe of the Newhall House would not have disgraced the name of that city. If travellers who observe a want of proper means of safety in great hotels would "write to the papers," they would do a good public service. As it is, there is very great risk for every traveller who is put away in a remote corner, at the end of a narrow and intricate series of corridors, upon the fifth or sixth floor of an American hotel, with an elevator shaft ready to fill the house instantly with smoke and flame. It is not the builder or the host who is to blame, but the good-natured public which does not choose to exercise its power to protect itself.

THE RE-ELECTION OF SENATOR HOAR.

It would have been a sorry tale to tell of Massachusetts that within three months she had elected General Butler Governor and defeated Mr. Hoar for the Senate. Fortunately the latter part of the story is not to be told. On the second day of the joint balloting the name of Mr. Crapo was withdrawn, and apparently without authority from him, although he declared that he was not a candidate, and that his supporters were quite at liberty to vote for anybody else. Mr. Hoar was at once elected. Governor Long, however, permitted his name to be used to the end.

The preference among the candidates was wholly personal. Neither Governor Long nor Mr. Crapo represented any principle or policy different from those represented by Mr. Hoar, and for that reason the Republicans who by refusing to support him gave to the Democrats the opportunity of electing the Senator took a great responsibility. Governor Long is an excellent gentleman, and justly popular, but Governor Long, elected Senator of Massachusetts by Democratic votes, would have rent Massachusetts Republicanism asunder. This rupture would have been the sole reason for Democratic support, and it was so obvious that it is surprising, when the Republican preference was so plainly declared, that Governor Long's name was not withdrawn. We repeat that if his name had represented any principle, as in 1851 that of Charles Sumner represented as against Robert C. Winthrop, the case would have been totally different.

We shall look with great interest to see in what way Mr. Hoar does not represent the progressive Republicanism of Massachusetts, which is the charge against him. Meanwhile, if spotless character, eminent public ability and experience, the respect of his Senatorial associates, sturdy independence, unflinching courage, and strong convictions in general accord with the sentiment of his State, are proper qualifications, Massachusetts has in Mr. Hoar a most fitting Senator, the Republican party a representative of its best character and aims, and the country a wise and upright legislator.

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

A bill has been passed by the New York Assembly authorizing the Committee on Charitable Institutions to investigate and report upon lunatic asylums. But why should a junketing commission of persons who know nothing of the subject be appointed to do the proper work of the State Board of Charities, which is especially fitted by knowledge and experience to perform the duty required, and at no extra expense? A few years since a committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Woodin was chairman, investigated the lunatic institutions. It was an able committee, but it ascertained either too much or too little, for its report was of small value.

The State properly maintains a Board of Charities. It is composed of persons of the highest character, who devote their time and ability to the work. It is a body at once singularly efficient and modest, and its negative service in prevention, as well as its positive performance, is very great; but it is a quiet body of diligent workers, not of politicians, and its reports are not widely read. The State Board has a general supervision of all the charitable institutions which receive State aid. It is the authorized agent of the State, and it is entirely familiar with these institutions. If the Legislature requires specific information, why does it not ask it of its own agent? And upon whose report may the people of the State most confidently rely, that of a "champagne" commission of totally inexperienced legislators, or that of a peculiarly competent State Board of experts?

If it be supposed that the State Board may have some kind of connivance, understanding, or conspiracy with unwise or improper management in the institutions, so that its report would be suspicious, it would be a good reason for an inquiry toward removing the members. But no such accusation is made or could be justly made; and even if it could be suggested or sustained, why should not a Legislative committee be quite as open to suspicion? Indeed, experience has shown that nothing is more justly to be suspected as a mere pretense for "a lark" at the expense of the State than the appointment of what has come to be known as a smelling commission. If there be reason to suspect mismanagement in a particular institution, let the State Board be required at once to report the facts. If there be doubt of the wisdom or efficiency of the general system of management, let the State Board be asked to submit its views. If the results of the reports are unsatisfactory, the Legislature may itself investigate. But its disregard of the Board is in itself suspicious, and it tends to discredit one of the most important public bodies in the State, to which similar bodies in other States must naturally turn for information about public charities in New York, but to which they certainly will not turn if they see that the Board is virtually contemned by the action of the Legislature.

THE RESCUE OF NIAGARA.

An association has been formed, with Mr. Howard Potter as president, to secure legislative action for the preservation of Niagara Falls. This was the result of a meeting of a large number of gentlemen interested in the project, and whose character is the proof of the unmixed public purpose of the undertaking. Mr. James T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey, who, with Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, has made a thorough investigation of the whole subject, stated at the meeting, in an interesting address, that within a short time Goat Island would be sold to settle the estate of the heirs, and as offers of many kinds and for many purposes have been already made, there must be no delay if the public value and the characteristic charm of the Falls are to be preserved. Mr. D. Willis James, the chairman of the meeting, truly said that the destruction of the natural loveliness of the Falls must be regarded as a world-wide calamity.

When in 1878 the Governor-General of Canada proposed to Governor Robinson the movement for the rescue of the cataract, Governor Robinson, although always of the "old-fashioned" school of official economy, warmly approved the plan, and upon his suggestion of the subject to the Legislature it authorized the United States Survey Commissioners to report. The result of the inquiry was a bill providing for a State reservation of land around the Falls to preserve its scenery, which passed the Assembly of New York in 1880. But as Governor Cornell announced his intention to veto it, it was not pressed in the Senate.

It is hoped and believed that Governor Cleveland is more friendly than his predecessor to a scheme which is in itself so excellent, which must be accomplished immediately if at all, and which it would be a disgrace to New York not to accomplish, when every circumstance shows that it could be carried out in its true spirit and without extravagance. The family of the late General Porter, which has been long the owner of Goat Island, has kept it virtually intact. But its ownership must now change, and the question for the Legislature is whether the State shall preserve unimpaired the sublimity of a natural spectacle within its domain which is unparalleled in the world, or whether the grandeur and beauty of Niagara shall be obliterated by unsightly buildings and the smoke of factories, by drinking saloons and dance halls and curiosity shops, an indelible stain upon the good name and an endless reproach to the public spirit of New York. Those who are interested in the good work can procure petitions for signature from Rev. J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire.

PERSONAL.

In a very appreciative notice of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's *Travels in South Kensington*, published by Harper & Brothers, the London *Times* says that they "are more extensive than the title would imply. For he not only takes us on a walk through the Museum, indicating its most remarkable features with the quick appreciation of a master, but he invites us to accompany him into some of the private dwellings in London, which have either been decorated as a labor of love by the prosperous artists who inhabit them, or enriched by the millionaires who are discriminating patrons of the arts....As regards the advances of decorative art, Mr. Conway shows that few people have any conception of them....You may pass the threshold of many a sober-looking mansion in our streets or squares to lose yourself in the admiration of a fairy-like museum of the arts of all ages and countries."

—Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the concerts given in this country several years ago by the Vesalius sisters. Since then these young ladies have made a very successful tour through the English colonies in South Africa, singing chiefly in *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and other light operas. One of the sisters, Miss Louise Vesalius, has been engaged to play a leading part at the Strand Theatre, London.

—Mr. Winslow Homer, the well-known *genre* painter, does not care to paint girls under fourteen years old. His favorite age for them is not the poetic sixteen, but nineteen. Mr. Homer will make a notable display at the forth-coming Water-color Exhibition.

—Mr. Elihu Vedder has the good fortune to be appreciated alike by the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists. He thinks that in the model republic of the future an artist will have money enough to paint as he likes, and will hang his pictures in a public gallery where the people can see them without charge.

—Mr. George W. Childs's country residence at Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia, is a perfect example of a Queen Anne villa. It is built of red brick on a knoll in the midst of a far-reaching, rolling landscape, and furnished throughout in the interests of truest comfort.

—A part of the library and some of the pictures of the late Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and his Friends*, will be sold by auction in Edinburgh near the end of January.

—In Otto Jahn's new *Life of Mozart* that celebrated composer appears not only as a true artist, but also as a well-nigh faultless husband, son, and friend.

—Sir Frederick Leighton, according to the *Saturday Review*, is not merely the titular head of English art, but "by common consent, perhaps, the most universally accomplished of English artists."

—General Wolseley has been telling some school-children how to succeed in life: "We should all begin life with a determination to do well whatever we take in hand; and if that determination be adhered to with the pluck for which Englishmen are renowned success, according to the nature and quality of our brain power, is, I think, a certainty. Had I begun life as a tinker, my earnest endeavor would have been to make better pots and pans than my neighbors, and I think I may venture to say without any vanity that with God's blessing I should have been fairly successful."

—To restrain the depopulation of the Scottish Highlands the Duke of Argyll wishes to see the district cut up into farms of all sizes, including the smallest capable of supporting a man and his family.

—Says the *Hour*: "On Monday last the flags at half-mast on some of the well-known club-houses of this city conveyed to the members the sad news of the almost sudden death of their associate Mr. William A. Seaver. This genial gentleman and good companion will be missed and mourned on both sides of the Atlantic. Wilkie Collins, Edmund Yates, Henry Irving, and a host of literary men will join William M. Evarts, Judge Brady, and scores of others eminent on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, as well as in the journalistic profession here, in doing honor to his memory. Who that dined with him last week, and listened to the jolly *raconteur*, could have imagined him to have been sixty-nine years old. But for his gray hairs, he seemed rather to be thirty-nine. His friends were legion. Bishops, editors, actors, lawyers, littérateurs, and judges will join in a common and sincere lament that 'a fellow of infinite jest' has gone over to the silent majority."

—Thomas Hughes thinks that the great majority of moderate Churchmen care very little how the question of "mixed chalice, lighted candles, and vestments" is ultimately settled.

—A foreign reviewer is particularly pleased with Hawthorne's naïve remark, in *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, that "deceased people see matters from an erroneous, or at least too exclusive, point of view." He declares that it has "all the genius of Hawthorne in it."

—Mr. E. A. Abbey, says the London *Spectator*, "is so enamored of Herrick that he has taken the utmost pains to reproduce Devonshire scenery and rural life by studying it, and has made himself master of the Stuart period. His labor has been rewarded with a signal success. It may be questioned if there is any living English artist who could have given such sketches, at once faithful and beautiful."

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 16th inst. pays a feeling tribute to the character and ability of its late financial editor, Mr. Joseph Sailer, who for more than forty-two years conducted the money-market department of that paper. He was a man of distinguished capacity, and was highly esteemed by the financial authorities of this country.

—The greatest living writers for the French stage, Émile Angier, Sardou, and Dumas, have, says the *Academy*, already done the greater part of their work. Sardou, the youngest of them, is a fully middle-aged man, and there is not one of the three whose literary position is better to-day than it was ten years ago. And who is to succeed these three to-morrow? Where are the young French dramatists of serious talent—the men with the capacity for a career?

—Professor Edward Dowden is sorry that in Professor John Nichol's *American Literature* some writers are dismissed in haste. "I could wish," he writes, "to hear more of George Ripley than that he is a 'newspaper reviewer of distinction'; and in the chapter on Politics and Oratory to find at least the name of Rufus Choate; and in the chapter on Poets to learn why the distinction of appearing first among American authors in a monumental statue fell to Fitz-Greene Halleck; and in that on Transcendentalism to have the secret of the extraordinary influence of Margaret Fuller, and of the veneration with which many regard Mr. Alcott, revealed somewhat more fully."

—The Miss Lydia Languish of the last century (observes a recent writer) found it necessary when a visitor was announced to hide her novels. "Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet," she bids her maid; "throw *Roderick Random* into the closet; put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket; now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table." But the Miss Lydia Languish of the present day is not so skittish about her novel-reading at the advent of a maiden aunt or an elderly gentleman.

—A philosopher remarks that if, as soon as a man of distinction is dead, his literary heirs are allowed to publish every anecdote he knows, however depreciating, of his surviving contemporaries, a fresh terror will be added to human intercourse.

—Mr. Sam Ward, of this city, declares that his nephew, Mr. Crawford, wrote the novel *Mr. Isaacs* in less than a month.

—The *Critic* thinks that many professional performances might be put to shame by the amateur theatricals given a few days ago at the Madison Square Theatre. The play was *A Russian Honeymoon*, by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison. It is the story of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and "nothing is prettier than to see the true womanly nature of the heroine beating down her pride, and to watch her heart softening to her husband, until she tears up her demand for a divorce, and would rather share his poverty than let him go." Mrs. J. B. Potter played the heroine, and Mrs. W. S. Andrews the Baroness. Mr. G. C. Howland, Jun., Mr. A. T. Mason, Mr. W. S. Andrews, and Mrs. Frank G. White were also in the cast.

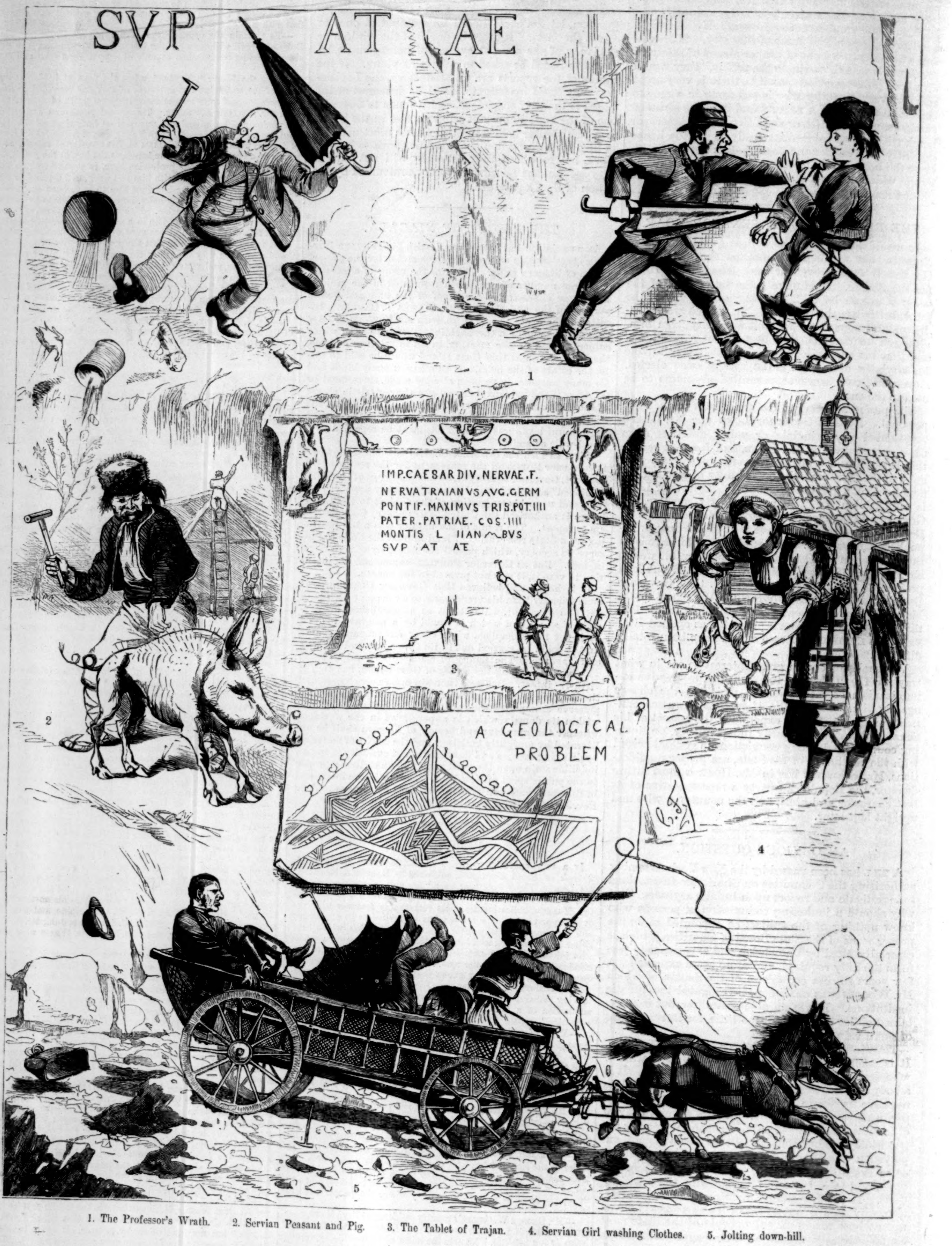
—The late Bishop Samuel Wilberforce wrote in his diary in 1868: "I have very much enjoyed meeting Gladstone. He is so delightfully true and the same; just as full of interest in every good thing of every kind, and so exactly the opposite of the mystery man! He is now writing opposite to me in the railway carriage, on his way to Windsor Castle."

—Obituary notice in the London *Era*: "Died.—Kate, the beloved wife of Professor Van Hare, formerly a famous equestrienne, after a long but painless illness, took her last and final leap, without fear or excitement, on the 21st ultimo, we hope to a better world, where envy and ambition are unknown. Interred (27th) at the Brompton Cemetery."

—The London *Times*, in a notice of Harper's Christmas, pays a high tribute to the genius of Mr. Abbey, Mr. Reinhart, and the other artists whose work appears in that publication, as well as to the skill of the engravers. Of the latter it says: "The workmanship is really beyond praise. The labor expended in producing these prints is amazing. Such is the delicacy of the work that it imitates the freedom and subtle shades of a chalk drawing, and seems at times almost to reach the power of color....No English illustrated paper has, so far as we know, produced engravings of such remarkable excellence as are to be found here."

—In his very interesting autobiography, just finished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Renan assures the public that he has not told a lie since the year 1851. Before that time "I lied often enough," but not from unworthy motives, his desire having been simply to present things in their most agreeable aspect. The few "social white lies" that he has told in later days were only those pardonable ones "que tous les casuistes permettent."

—Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's house in Philadelphia contains an art gallery in which the chief attractions are a still-life by Robert Barrett Browning, and a life-size marble statue of Mrs. Moore's daughter, the Countess Rosin, of Sweden. The still-life, presented by the artist's father, Robert Browning, depicts a skull, a metallic pitcher, a Japanese fan, and some stuffs and books on a rug on a table, the whole treated with considerable pictorial aptitude. The statue shows the countess sitting in a chair of state, and displaying with fine effect the unusual beauty of her hands. The back of the chair is an intricate piece of carving. It represents Cupid watching two birds who pay court to each other on the edge of their nest. Mrs. Moore is at present residing in Europe.



1. The Professor's Wrath. 2. Servian Peasant and Pig. 3. The Tablet of Trajan. 4. Servian Girl washing Clothes. 5. Jolting down-hill.

SKETCHES ON THE DANUBE.

The outlet of the famous defile of Kazan, through which the Danube rushes with tremendous velocity, is marked by the inscription which was carved on the solid rock by command of the Emperor Trajan, seventeen centuries ago. Along the rocky face of the defile are still visible the sockets drilled by his soldiers to receive the supports for the wooden bridge by which they made their passage down the river. Other remains of Roman work may be seen at various points along this section of the Danube; but the tablet, by reason of its perfect condition, attracts more attention than any other token of ancient Roman occupation.

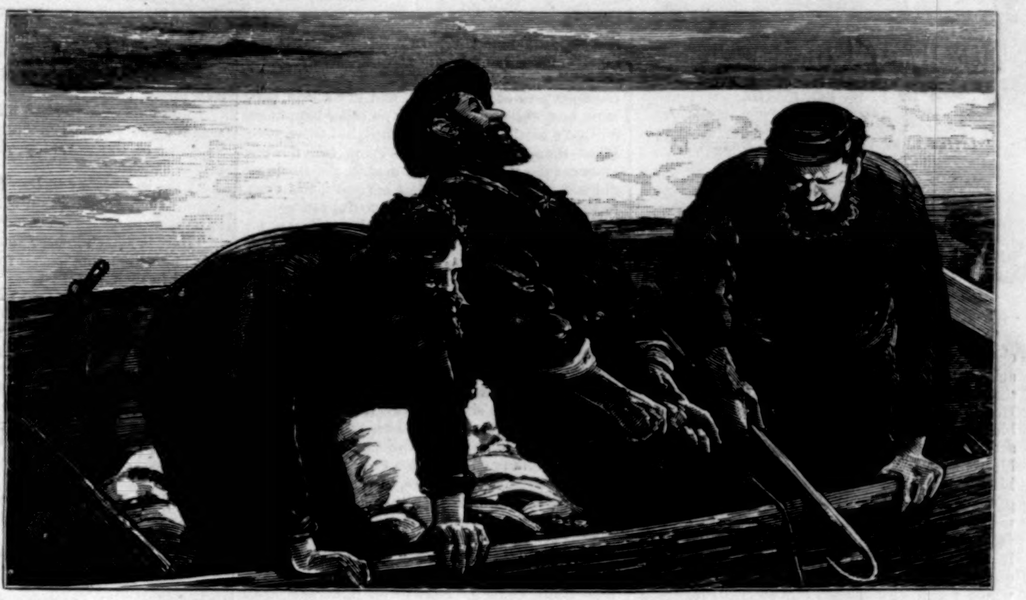
The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the above sketches writes that when he and his travelling companion, a learned professor and geologist, reached this interesting spot, a miserable fisherman was found cooking his dinner over a fire built directly under the venerable inscription. The smoke was blacking the still clearly defined letters and figures, and the professor's wrath was roused to such a pitch by the desecration that he immediately assaulted the offender with umbrella and geological hammer, and kicked his dinner off the ledge into the rushing current.

The artist's diagram will give an idea of the inexplicable manner in which the strata of rocks forming the celebrated "Iron Gate" of the Danube are cut up and intermingled. The most wonderful of all is the regular stratum of rock, about twenty-five feet in thickness, which runs in a nearly horizontal direction through these wildly confused masses.

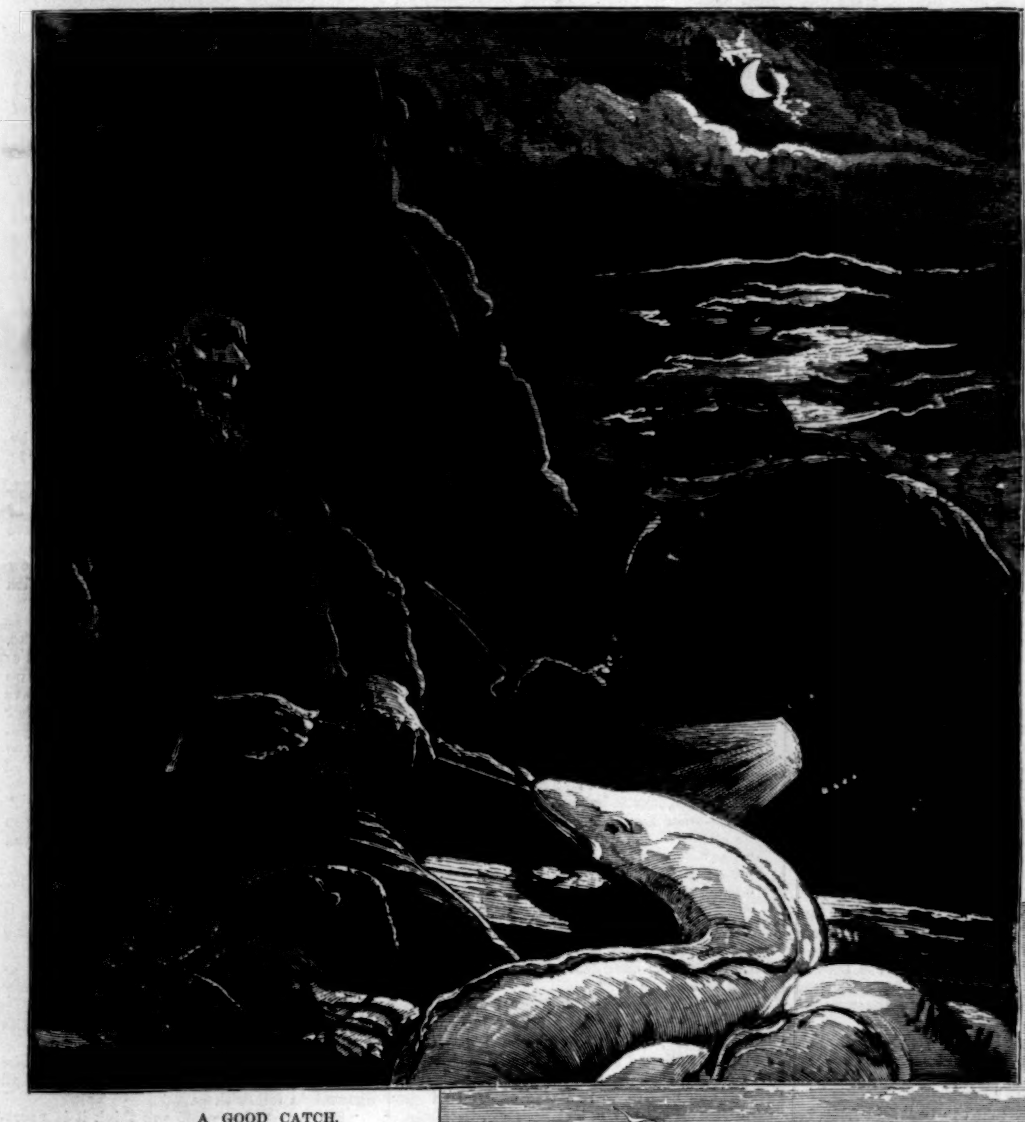
The artist and his companion had a most disagreeable experience of the reckless manner in which Servian drivers urge their teams down the stony roads. Remonstrance was useless, and the travellers were bounced and jolted about in the most uncomfortable manner in the springless, hard-seated wagon.

CONGER-FISHING OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL.

In the early history of England, congers, the catching of them, their preparation and exportation, seem to have played an important part. In King John's time there was an established trade in the curing of congers, and to certain merchants of Bayonne was accorded the privilege of catching and drying congers in England,



A HEAVY PULL.



A GOOD CATCH.

and the sending of them to Spain and Portugal. As there really is nothing absolutely new in the world, it looks as if the method of preparing the conger approached quite closely to our "desiccated fish." The congers were dried, powdered, and what the old commercial chroniclers called conger doust, or conger douse, was made. In time, however, the fish-eaters of Spain and Portugal seem to have tired of their conger; the trade in this special fish declined, and finally disappeared, to be replaced by the cod. The discovery of the great fishing banks off the Newfoundland coast revolutionized the fish food of the world, and though the conger is still sought after in Norwegian waters, it enters but in a limited way into general consumption.

In American waters the conger has a wide geographical range, and a species has been lately described by Goode and Bean, the *Conger caudicula*, coming from Pensacola, Florida. The American conger differs, however, very much in size from the English fish. Mr. E. G. Blackford, the Fish Commissioner of the State of New York, states that congers taken occasionally by the cod fishermen are rarely above eight pounds in weight, while these fish have been taken in England of ninety pounds. This difference of size seems due to temperature, as in Northern Europe the congers are larger where the seas are colder, diminishing in size in warmer waters, the congers of the Mediterranean being the smallest.

Conger-fishing off the coast of Cornwall is still prosecuted both for business and sport. There seem to be certain localities where congers are the most abundant, and their peculiar haunts are in proximity to those bold rocks which stud the deep water along the Cornish coast. It is believed that the fish are quite sensitive to the effects of cold, becoming torpid in severe weather, and in some cases very low temperatures apparently kill them. Fishermen assert that congers are sensible of any change of wind and weather, coming up then from the deeper water and ranging nearer the shore. Variations in the color of congers appear to be due to that wonderful power many creatures possess of adapting themselves to their surroundings. About thirty miles from the Cornish coast there is a reef, rising almost to the surface of the sea, where good conger-fishing is found. The top of the ledge is of dark-colored rock, while the sides where it slopes to the deeper sea are of a lighter shade. Congers caught on the black rock are of the same color, while those close to the deeper gullies are almost white.

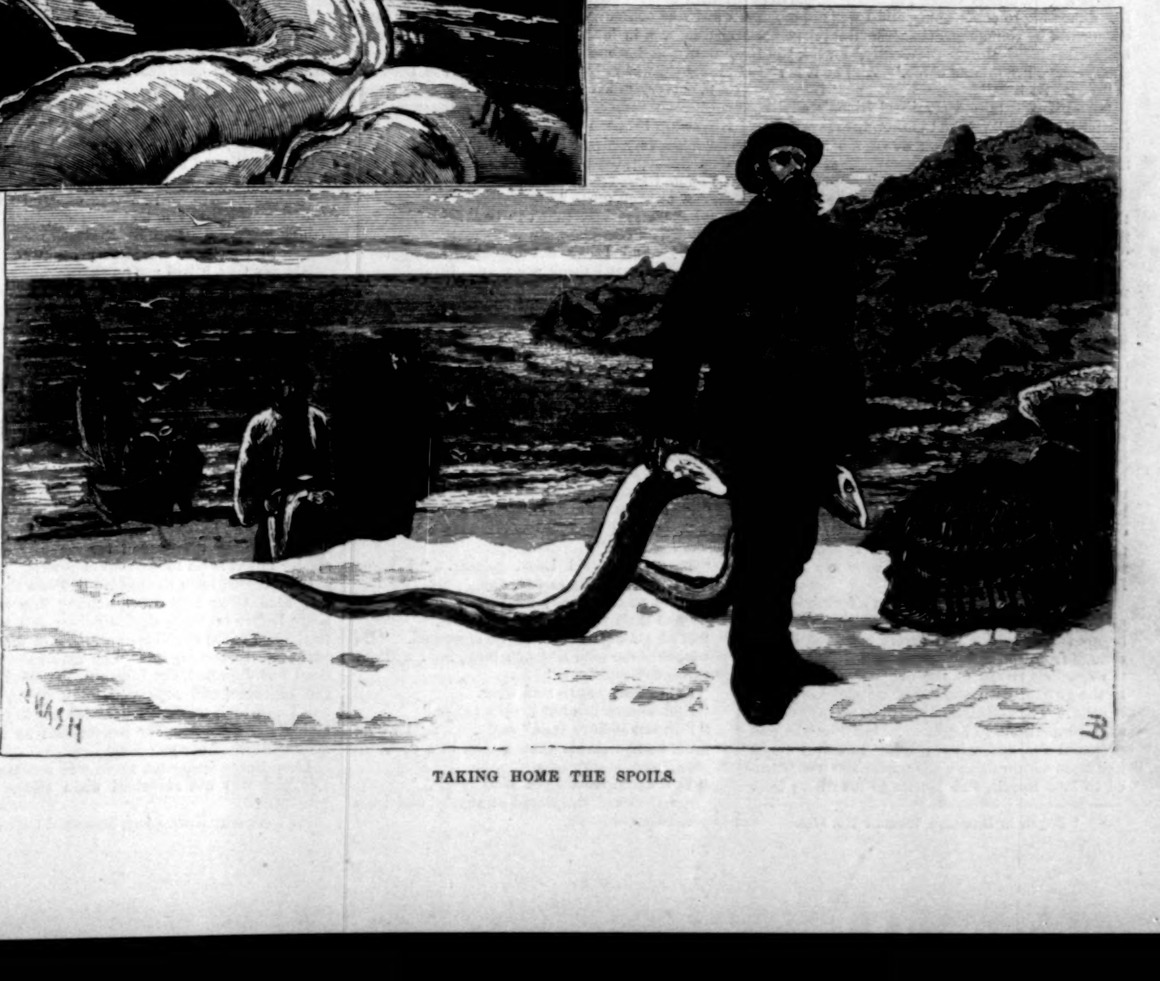
The conger feeds at night, and fishing is always carried on after dark. A moonlight night interferes with conger-fishing. At times the fish seem to be particularly voracious, seizing with avidity almost any kind of live bait. The capacity of a conger as to swallowing a large fish is very great, and a ten-pound lobster has been found in its stomach. Like all fish, the power of digestion is very rapid, and Couch in his *History of English Fishes* states, "when a hook is swallowed it becomes acted on and consumed in a very short time."

The favorite bait of the conger fisherman is the squid, or cuttle-fish, and the fresher they are the more likely are they to afford good sport. Some acquaintance with the nature of the cuttle-fish is necessary, for otherwise, while the fisherman is in the act of putting it all squirming on the hook, it may eject its inky black fluid all over him. A dark night being selected, then, three fishermen take a small row-boat and skirt the coast. While one pulls at the oars, the others prepare the tackle. A good strong line capable of standing a heavy pull is a necessity, and hooks must be tied on in the most approved manner, as the conger is supplied with sharp cutting teeth, which he can use by the movement of his head in a rotary manner. The other accessories in the conger boat are few—a heavy gaff, a sharp knife, and a lantern.

A good spot having been selected—and wonderful is the knowledge the Cornwall fishermen have of localities which are quite out at sea—a sounding is taken of the depth, the line arranged, and it is dropped overboard baited with a lively squid. Sometimes the conger is slow at biting, and noses and plays with the hook. At last a good strong tug is felt, and the fish is struck, and hauling in commences. This is by no means an easy job. Being nothing more than a huge eel, the conger has all the tricks of that fish, which anglers dread so much. As soon as the conger feels the restraint of the line he begins revolving, and with sufficient force to sometimes disengage himself from the hook. The fisherman, on his guard, keeps a taut line on the fish, gradually hauling him to the surface. The boat leans over with the heavy strain, for a sixty-pound fish is no light weight to hold on to. Alongside of the man with the line is his mate, ready to strike the fish with a gaff. Just as soon as the head of the conger is above the water, the gaff is driven into the neck, and in this way the fish is hauled on board.

A big conger in a boat is by no means a pleasant companion. Endowed with great muscular power, he strikes powerful blows with his tail, and snaps with his mouth. Instances are recorded of congers brought into a boat, when the fisherman has struck his foot at the conger, it seized the man's shoe, carried it off his foot, and then jumped overboard. To prevent such disturbance in the boat, just as soon as the conger is well on board a sharp knife is driven into him just back of the head, and the fish dies at once, with hardly a struggle, the spinal cord being severed. In point of fact, it would be better as food if all fish could be killed at once after capture instead of being allowed to die a lingering death.

In former years conger fishing was more successful than at present. Thirty years ago fishermen considered the taking of 4000 pounds of congers as not an unusual night's work, but to-day not half as many are taken. Still as a sport it has a great many devotees, and many Englishmen frequent the coast, fishing of nights in search of the conger. There is just that little spice of danger which adds to the zest, and then there is always a certain amount of excitement in catching such a large and vigorous fish as the conger. Off all night in a small boat in the open sea, in the companionship of a couple of old salts, who spin their wonderful yarns of huge congers caught in former years, the hours pass rapidly.



TAKING HOME THE SPOILS.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER V.

BECOMING FRIENDS.

The superficial observer—that very indefinite character which no one in particular cares to acknowledge—would have surmised at this period that there was a happy family at Farm Forlorn. Here at least, he would have thought, had assembled those whom past doubts and dislikes had set apart for a while, and who under the hospitable roof of John Woodhatch, and influenced by his kindness, had shaken hands, and set the bygones forever aside. Here was the new life fitting to the new times—a brand-new era of perfect confidence, a fair landscape stretching out in the present, a fairer prospect for the future, and the sun coming up over the great gray hills which yesterday had been like eternal barriers in the paths of these folk now sitting side by side with smiles upon their lips. The superficial observer would have gone on his way marvelling at the felicity of Farm Forlorn, and noting never a sign of the great upheaval to come, of the conflicting forces armed to the teeth marching silently onward to do battle in these calm green fields, and wreck the peace of many.

Yes, this was the calm before the storm, not perfect peace, as Woodhatch, the dreamer, thought it was. Miss Brake was quiet and grave, with her past peevishness no longer evident, a model visitor whom nothing disturbed, and who apologized for the trouble that she was to everybody, and seemed to regard even Mrs. Chadderton as a humble friend whom she might presently love very much. She sat in her big arm-chair, and smiled, if a little sadly, at all visitors, saying but few words, and watching every one with an interest that was remarkably flattering. If there were one person more than another to whom she showed an extra amount of respect now, it was the Reverend Alexander Larcom, making amends thereby, as it seemed, and as it really was, for her past ungenerous suspicions of him.

"I have been in the wrong; I am a woman very often in the wrong," she confessed on the first occasion of addressing him under John Woodhatch's roof; "but you are a Christian minister, and will forgive the hard thoughts I have had—the hard words I sent to you by my brother's widow."

"Ye sent them in no hurry either, Hester Brake," he said, dryly, and with his shaggy eyebrows lowering a little over his deep-set eyes, "and ye had five years to pick and choose them."

"Yes, I know," she answered. "But the story seemed to fit in with my doubts—it seemed so probable you should kill him."

"I am obleeged to ye for the notion."

"You had discovered Morris and Lucy together; the thought of their secret marriage might not have occurred to you—you saw a woman deceived and an honest home dishonored, and you struck him down in a mad fury. That is how it seemed to me. Forgive me, old friend, of whom I should have had more charitable thoughts," she cried, "remembering your past kindness to me."

"And ye have changed your mind about me now?"

"Yes, completely," she said. "Am I forgiven?"

"Wa'al, yes," he replied: "why not? Ye were always a poor, flighty thing, I'm fancying, darting like a lapwing to conclusions, and I was not much deesturbed by your suspicions. 'She'll think somebody else killed Morris preesently,' I said, 'and she'll forget her doubts o' me.' And so it is?"

"Yes. So it is."

"And if ye'll take a sensibeel friend's advice, Hester," he said, "ye'll not bother any more about the matter. It's kept you down too long—it's made ye ill too aften."

"It has killed me, Mr. Larcom."

"Ye were vary fond of that brother o' yours, though I did not see much in him myself but a fly-away style like your own," said the parson, "and ye spoiled him."

"I loved him for his good qualities—I knew he would grow out of the bad, and if time was not denied him," she said, with a sigh, "and he—"

"Ye—es, preceesely." And then Alexander Larcom walked away from the maiden lady, tired of this one subject, or extremely anxious to avoid it. Still he was glad in his heart that she had professed her regret for doubting him; he hated people doubting him, his mission being, as he thought, to gather love and confidence around him, to preach and pray and do his best for poor humanity. To have been, even in this weak woman's mind, an object of distrust had wounded his self-respect—and clashed with the very good opinion he had always had of himself, for that matter. Still Hester Brake was a poor, eccentric creature, and she had been as sorely tried as his own daughter Lucy.

And Lucy Brake, who had been a fortnight now at Farm Forlorn, and was one of this new and happy family? She had surely benefited by the change from the little cottage in the high-road to the spacious rooms of the big old farm-house—to the great garden and the broad meadows lying beyond. The association had been painful rather than pleasurable to begin with, but this she was prepared for, and, after all, her happiest times had been within these walls; here she had learned to love Morris, and Morris to love her; here had been wild impulsive romance, leaping forward blindly and without much regard to consequences, but still a romance, pure and ardent and full of the deep joys of life—a girl and boy's love, perhaps, but, whilst it lasted, like no other happiness on God's earth. It was all ended, but there were sweet thoughts amongst the ruins, fair flowers amongst the tares, and after a while the shadows did not fall so darkly across her path, and even to think of Morris became a peaceful retrospect.

Then again here was life for Lucy Brake, we have said, and a new affection growing very rapidly and remarkably, she thought herself, for Kitty Vanch. That she could hardly understand, but there it was, and she did not attempt to resist it, or to reason with it, or to account for it. She was romantic still, poor Lucy, and thought it remarkable and fateful in its way, when it was simply a very commonplace proceeding, the natural outcome of a loving nature, the instinct for affection in some shape or way, the craving to be loved, which every woman has, and a few men, perhaps, with hearts upon their sleeves.

It was strange that these two young women should approach each other, the elder one knowing little of life, and the younger a scarred warrior after life's battles with poverty and crime, but both women in earnest, who had known great trouble and had had few friends, and both grateful for affection, and in themselves affectionate. Lucy Brake could not account for it, we have said, but it was flattering to know that Kitty Vanch began to look up to her, to regard her as a friend above her in position, character, mental capacity, and to show by various little ways that she was proud to be noticed. There was certainly a strange and deep interest in her evinced by Kitty Vanch, as if some hidden motive were at the bottom of it, drawing Kitty toward her, almost at times, Lucy could imagine—being highly imaginative—against her will, against even the wishes of others, she was inclined to fancy sometimes. And in return for this Lucy Brake found it easy to love Kitty Vanch. There was something original about the girl, she was so frank and open and fearless, her dark eyes looked so earnestly, sometimes so sadly, at her, and in all her life Lucy had received such little sympathy, she thought — village beauty, and something more than a village beauty, though she was. Lucy had never become in any way attached to a female friend of her own age—Mr. Larcom had not encouraged female friendships at any time, it may be said—and Kitty's life, away from Bolter's Rents, had been spent with an eccentric, fretful, if warm-hearted invalid. Hence after a while, and without taking the Fates into consideration, these two young women were drawn together, and even little Morice became a link between them despite Lucy's experiencing at times a jealous pang when Kitty's brightness won too many smiles from her daughter.

Add to all this Lucy's knowledge that Greg Dorward was to be Kitty's husband, and that Greg Dorward had spoken only a few weeks back of his deep love for herself, and one need not be surprised at Lucy Brake's interest in her new friend. Lucy was somewhat perplexed, and hardly able to reconcile Gregory Dorward's present manner with that of their last meeting on the high-road and his words of love and passion. At times she wished she had not promised to keep his secret, it was so like treachery to the unsuspecting Kitty, who was deserving of a true affection, and not a make-believe love to oblige John Woodhatch, farmer. And whether Greg Dorward would make Kitty a good husband was even a matter of grave doubt to her, Greg being clever and ambitious, and surely not loving Kate Vanch very deeply yet—trying to love her even, as he had confessed to Lucy, and as a mere matter of obedience to the patron who had insisted on the match.

Still Kate Vanch was happy, and Greg Dorward was content. Perhaps Greg had only fancied he was in love with *her*, thought Lucy, very humbly, and while Kate Vanch was away from him. He was only polite to her now, as became him, or very much on guard, and he seemed to encourage rather than to dislike the growing friendship between her and his *fiancée*.

"I am very pleased to see you two together, Mrs. Brake," Greg had said on one occasion. "You and she true friends, may be some day of service to each other."

"I don't see how that can be," said Lucy, inquiringly.

"Oh! And I can not explain," he replied; "but sometimes I think you may. Life changes rapidly, and you two have been all *my* life, as it were."

"But—"

"You in the past," he said, in a low voice—"the past that is dead—and she in the present, which exists for her and me. Do you understand?"

"Hardly," she replied; "but the past *is* dead?"

"Yes," he responded.

"And you love Kitty Vanch truly, and as she deserves to be loved?"

"Is she not going to be my wife?" he rejoined.

"That is not an answer."

"Yes, then, I love Kitty; but it is a very different kind of—"

"Spare me," said Lucy, quickly. "I know what you are going to say, and it must be left unsaid for all our sakes; for Kitty's, most of all."

"I can trust you."

"With your past secret," she answered. "Do not trouble me with any new ones, for I will not promise to keep them."

"I am silent," answered Greg.

"And women can not keep a secret."

"I do not believe that," said Greg; "I would trust a woman rather than a man in a great affliction."

"You would trust John Woodhatch?"

Greg Dorward shuddered strangely, and Lucy Brake remarked this.

"There are troubles which no man could share with Mr. Woodhatch," Greg answered, moodily; "he could never understand them. Some women might, I fancy."

"You talk as if you had all the troubles of the world upon your shoulders, Greg," said Lucy, "instead of the world opening out before you bright with color."

"I am in a moody fit to-night," he said, with a forced laugh; "I feel as if something were going to happen to me."

"Here is Kitty to cheer you," she said, as Kate came into the room, looked toward them, and advanced in their direction.

"We were talking of you, Kate," said Lucy, as she approached.

"That's right. I should be jealous, I dare say, if you talked only of your two selves," she answered, frankly.

"Jealous of me?" asked the young widow, a little later on, and in allusion to Kitty's last remark; "never of me, I hope; that is not likely."

"Likely that you should love my Greg," said Kitty, laughing. "Well, I can not imagine that happening."

"No," replied Lucy Brake; "it is impossible."

CHAPTER VI.

JEALOUS.

There were two inmates of Farm Forlorn, very probably three, who did not regard the growing friendship between Lucy Brake and Kitty with any great amount of favor. Hester Brake hardly seemed to care for it, although apathetic and generally amiable; and John Woodhatch felt that his calculations for the future were a little disturbed by this unlooked-for incident. He had not thought of the result of bringing these two young women together, or of a sisterly love springing up between them; their characters were dissimilar, their lives were likely to be always apart, and he had not given a thought to them as friends. He had wished to interest Lucy in Hester Brake, and Hester in Lucy; he had planned and plotted to bring them together, and with a kindly forethought as to the time when Kitty should be married, and the mistress, left alone, requiring some earnest, kindly companion at her side in Kitty's place. Who more fitting than the sister-in-law from whom Hester Brake had held aloof till now, and had indeed never seemed to like?

"Had it not been for her, Morris would be alive," Hester Brake had said two years ago to John Woodhatch; and now that the invalid lady was inclined to regard Lucy with less asperity, to judge her character more truly, to remember she was Morris's widow, and still mourning for him, it was a little vexatious to find that Lucy preferred Kitty's company, and though respecting Hester now, made but very little advances toward an intimate acquaintance with her.

"It will come in time," soliloquized John Woodhatch, philosophically; "when Kitty is married, and these two are drawn together more."

The marriage day was fixed at last. Four weeks hence from the time of which we speak it had been appointed by John Woodhatch, and neither Greg nor Kitty had a word to say against it.

"The farm at Bleathorpe will be quite ready by that time, Greg," said John Woodhatch; "meanwhile I have put an old friend in to mind it for you."

"An old friend!" repeated Greg, wonderingly.

"Yes; Reuben Fladge," said Woodhatch, "who has turned over a new leaf: at least he says so, and I am disposed to believe him."

"You trust him again, sir," said Greg, "and after all?"

"Yes."

"That is singular."

"What is singular?" was the sharp inquiry.

"That you should. I understood—I have heard—I did not think," stammered Greg Dorward, "that you could ever put faith again in man or woman who had once deceived you."

"Who told you so?"

"I can not remember; yourself, I think."

Mr. Woodhatch frowned a little. Possibly he had done so, in the old days, in order to keep Greg Dorward up to the mark, and thinking his creed was true enough at that time; but it did not please him now to be reminded of it. Had not that rule of his—if it had been his, he added, with a reserve—led on by a strange chain of events to the death of Morris Brake? Who should say that it had not?

"Faith is a strong word, Greg," he answered at last; "and, at all events, try and remember this: I have learned to forgive — to believe in man's repentance."

He walked away after this; he seemed afraid of more questions from Greg Dorward. Presently Greg rode out on horseback, and went at a tolerably swift pace to Bleathorpe, to see Fladge for himself, probably to congratulate him on being once more re-instated in the favor of John Woodhatch; more probably still to ask a few questions of that young gentleman, Greg being of a curious turn of mind, and conscious that all was not as fair sailing at Farm Forlorn as the calm aspect of surrounding things and the serenity of the master might seem to warrant at first sight.

Lucy Brake, from the garden of Farm Forlorn, had seen Greg ride away, bidding farewell to Kitty before he mounted his horse; and Hester Brake had stood at the open window of the farm parlor, also watching them with interest. When Greg had departed, the invalid came slowly into the sunshine, and separated, as it were, Kitty and Lucy, by intrusting Kitty with her keys, and giving her some lengthy instructions as to the arrangement of her wardrobe.

Lucy Brake suspected there was a reason for this, and was not surprised when Hester said, presently,

"I have sent Kitty away, because I have something to say to you this morning which I don't want any one else to hear."

"Is it so very important?" asked Lucy.

"I think it is. Let little Morice leave us, please; the child fidgets me this morning."

Lucy regarded the fretful woman dubiously. Was the incident of the meeting on the sands to be repeated? Were hard words and new suspicions to be the order of the day? For who could tell what strange topics Hester Brake might broach, having had so much time to brood on the mysteries about her, and being a mystery in herself?

"You need not be afraid of me," said Hester, accurately reading the expression on the fair face confronting hers. "I want to speak to you for a little while concerning Kitty. That is why I sent her away."

Lucy let little Morice trip off after this, and Hester Brake put her arm within that of her sister-in-law.

"I am restless to-day; ill, perhaps. Let us walk up and down the lawn for a while, until I am tired; or," she added, "you are tired of me."

"Will this not overfatigue you?"

"You are very kind to be thus considerate," said the elder woman, with a spice of her old acerbity; "but I can bear more fatigue than you imagine. And now to business."

This did not sound like a pleasant beginning, but Lucy was patient, and deferential to her senior. She did not believe it was in Miss Brake's power to disturb her equanimity now; she imagined she had learned to know Miss Brake a little better, and to make more allowance for her eccentricities. And certainly Miss Brake *was* eccentric, and with an awkward habit of taking people unawares.

"You will not be astonished to learn I am a jealous woman," Hester Brake commenced. "I acknowledge that myself; and I am jealous of Kitty's growing affection for you."

"Oh, Miss Brake, I hope not! You are surely not so childish as this."

"I think I am. Pity me, if you think it childish; but I can not help it, being weak and vain, as you are, Lucy—as we women all are, for that matter," she said. "You see I am not speaking angrily or dictatorially; only in all confidence—sisterly confidence, if you will allow me to say as much."

"Am I doing harm in being one more friend to Kitty Vanch?"

"Be the friend to her after I am gone, Lucy, and when she will need one most," was the reply; "not before."

"I can not treat her coldly."

"I do not ask you."

"I am interested in her—drawn toward her by her interest in me. Do you think that wrong?" asked Lucy.

"My dear, sometimes I think I don't know right from wrong," said Hester. "The whirl of the world confuses me; and, God help me! I have much to think about."

"I am sorry for that—sorry to think you allow your mind to be disturbed by little matters which other folk would set aside or smile away."

"As in this instance, you mean?"

"Yes, in this instance," answered Lucy Brake.

"It is uot a little matter," said Hester. "For five years I have had Kitty Vanch under my care—for more than five years, I may say. I have been interested in her progress. I have, after my own fashion, helped to train her; brought her, as it were, from darkness into day, and you must not step between us. As I have intimated before, you must wait until I am dead."

"You speak as if I were a rival or an enemy," Lucy replied: "as if I could not love her with yourself, and share her love with you. And you forget."

"What do I forget?"

"That she is engaged to Greg Dorward."

"I can think of little else save that. That is a worse trouble than the thought of her liking you better than me," said Hester.

"Ah! Miss Hester, I think such troubles as these might be easily set aside if you would only try," said Lucy, very gently.

"Shall I tell you something more?" asked Miss Brake, quickly, in reply.

Lucy could scarcely repress a shudder. She was afraid of her sister-in-law's confidences, and what might follow them.

"If it is necessary—if you think it is necessary," she added.

Hester Brake looked round cautiously, as if afraid of listeners, or suspicious that Mrs. Chadderton might, after a fashion of hers, be lurking in the background, and then said, in a low voice,

"Kitty Vanch will never marry Gregory Dorward."

CHAPTER VII.

A PROMISE.

Lucy Brake was astonished, but credulous. She had begun to regard Morris's sister as scarcely a wise woman; rather a woman who had strange fancies, and was remarkably suspicious, and never twice the same. Was it possible that she was sane — quite sane, that is? Might not the past affliction which had nearly crushed herself, allied to the natural weakness of this fragile being's constitution, have wrecked her more completely? If Hester Brake were really mad, and had up to this time and with a mad-woman's cunning carefully disguised it, what was to be done?

"Not marry Greg?" Lucy repeated.

"I would rather see her in her coffin; it would be better she should lie there than in his arms," exclaimed Hester, passionately.

"Why should you think this?" asked Lucy. "Pray, compose yourself."

"I am *not* raving, Lucy," was the answer, "and do not need to be composed."

How quickly Hester Brake read people's suspicions of her! was Lucy's next thought, before she said:

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"You naturally surprised me. Why will not Kitty marry Greg?"

"Why?" repeated Miss Brake, like a woman anxious to gain time before she answered.

"Yes," said Lucy again, "why?"

"Because—he does not love her," she added.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he loves you."

Lucy took a deep, long breath. Yes, an acute woman indeed, as well as a suspicious one, this Hester Brake. How could she have guessed a secret which she had promised Greg to keep for him, which Lucy had thought only Greg and herself could possibly have known?

"I have seen this very clearly. I have watched his every look since you came here."

Lucy did not reply.

"You do not deny this, Lucy?" continued Hester Brake, after a moment's silence. "Where is the virtuous indignation which should follow such a charge as mine?"

"You do not charge me with loving him?"

"Do you?" asked Hester.

"No. God forbid!"

"God be thanked," corrected Hester Brake, "for I do not like this man. I am afraid of him—I do not in any way believe in him."

"He is honest and straightforward and energetic—he will make Kitty a good husband—he—"

"Have I not said he will never marry Kate Vanch?" said Hester Brake, sharply. "Do you think I have no will of my own, no power to stop it, no power to make you assist me to stop it? I tell you that I have!"

"Whether you have or not," said Lucy, in the calm clear tones which, despite of Hester's vehemence, seemed to exercise some influence on her listener, "you will have to consider whether it is a wise step to part them."

"He does not care for her."

"I am not sure of that."

"And finding it out afterward—oh! the terrible afterward to us women—would be to kill her, possibly. You must warn her, Lucy, and let her act for herself."

"No, no!" cried Lucy, quickly. "I will not do that. Greg does not love me; there was a foolish, fleeting fancy once, and that was all. I will not be the one to disturb a woman's confidence in her lover."

"You would prefer her being deceived."

"I believe it would be as well," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"You are romantic still, poor child," replied her sister-in-law; "but you are terribly selfish, for all that. You thrust a task upon myself that is beyond my strength to bear."

"You would never act so cruelly."

"So mercifully would be a better word," said Miss Brake, taking her hand from Lucy's arm, withdrawing it even in anger from her; "for this will be a mercy."

She walked slowly toward the house, with Lucy keeping step by her side, not liking to leave her in her present mood, and with that look of set determination on her face. It presaged too much; it might mean more trouble than any one could foresee, than this miserable and envious woman could imagine, thought Lucy, indignantly again.

"You will do nothing in haste, Hester," she said—"if I may call you Hester now. It is so easy to do harm, so hard to stay its effects when done!"

"I know it without your preaching—which you might leave to your father. It's his business," Hester answered. "I am aware I am not an amiable woman who can soften a blow. You can."

"Why should it be told to Kitty at all?"

"Let her marry the man, then, knowing the truth? I detest deception more than you do. I have never practiced it as you have."

"Miss Brake!"

"You deceived your father when you married my brother secretly, did you not?" Hester asked.

"Ah, madam, you might have spared me that reproach!" cried Lucy; "it is late in the day to stab me. And I loved your brother so truly and so well!"

"Too well," muttered Hester; "but I am fighting hard to-day not to think of Morris."

"And to thwart John Woodhatch."

"He will be sure of the wisdom of this presently. I," she added, taking Lucy's arm, "will answer for him."

"Hester," said Lucy, suddenly, "I will tell Kitty, then."

"When?"

"Before the day is out, if you will promise to be silent."

"I promise. More, I am grateful to you, Lucy, for your offer."

When they were at the open window of the front parlor, she stopped again, and said:

"You see now, Lucy, why I did not wish Kitty Vanch to think too much of you. She will go back with me to my house, needing all my affection. She will begin a new life side by side with me. That is," she added, "if I live. If I die, then take care of her in God's name. I have arranged for that."

"But is it probable anything that I can say will part her from Greg, after all? Will she be not likely to forgive him?" asked Lucy. "Is it not more than probable she will?"

Miss Brake looked at her steadily. "Yes, it is," she answered.

"Therefore what reason—"

"Leave the rest to me. I have your promise, Lucy Brake," was the reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE HIGH-ROAD.

Yes, she had her promise, thought Lucy, as her eccentric sister-in-law passed out of her sight; but it was a different promise from that which Hester thought she had exacted. If Hester Brake preferred to speak in riddles, so did she; if the elder woman would not be frank with her, and only drop mysterious hints and make dire threats, it must be her own mission, thought Lucy, and in her woman's way, to foil her. For it had come to foiling Hester Brake, if possible—almost to distrusting her and the motives which might be lurking in the depths of her secretive nature.

She wanted Kitty to herself, and did not wish to part with her; she had taken a dislike to Greg Dorward, just as she had once taken a dislike to her, and she had been keen and watchful enough to learn a secret, and to surprise Lucy by its sudden revelation. For her own selfishness it seemed possible that Hester would plot to bring about the separation of these lovers—for they were lovers now—and Lucy, full of sympathy with them and interest in them, would do her best to stop this. Heaven knows there was not so much happiness in life that one should seek to mar it by a word, and in her warm, generous impulse Lucy shrank with horror from the thought of dashing down one hope of Kitty Vanch's. She would tell her the truth, but in a way that she believed would not affect Kate very much, and at least it would spare her Hester Brake's construction of the facts. And she would tell Greg Dorward first what had been resolved upon, and ask his advice concerning it, and his permission to speak to Kitty in her own gentle way.

Here was a new incentive to life, and she set about her task without much fear, and with considerable faith in the result. There was something to do, and a new incentive to be active, and Lucy after a while felt lighter and yet stronger for the cause she had resolved to espouse. What Hester Brake might think of her presently for siding with the young couple whom she had wished to separate did not affect her greatly; Lucy had made up her mind, if not to dislike Hester Brake, to be distrustful of her, and at the very best only to pity her. To wish to part Greg and Kitty, because she thought Greg loved another—which Lucy did not know herself for certain now—was too hard and cruel a task for a nature like her own. She believed in these two and their future, and she had listened to Kitty's rhapsody concerning Greg and her life to come with him until her own heart—still young and not free from romance—had opened at the other's frankness, and taken warmth and hope from hers.

Lucy did not trust herself with Kitty yet awhile. In the afternoon she and little Morice strolled along the quiet country road toward Bleathorpe village in order to meet Greg Dorward and tell him what had occurred. After all, he might refuse her permission, or think it would be better to tell Kitty for himself, and Lucy's word had been pledged to Greg first. And after all, and in any way, it would not matter a great deal—it was a "fuss about nothing," she said, smiling to herself, and with no small confidence in her own powers of setting this little matter in its proper light.

Lucy had well calculated time and distance; about three miles from the farm, and where she had thought she might encounter Greg on his homeward journey—if he were anxious to meet them all at the tea table—he came trotting rapidly along the road. He did not see them both till he was close upon them, he was so deep in thought—and a thought that was grave enough to furrow his brow and give a dark and angry look to his face—but at first glimpse of Lucy he raised his hat and sprang from his horse.

"I did not expect to see you, Mrs. Brake," he said, with his face aglow with smiles now. "You are taking a long walk with Morice. Is it not too far for her?"

"She is a good walker. And I wanted to meet you at a fair distance from the farm," answered Lucy.

"Indeed!" said Greg, with one of his quick glances, by which he essayed to read the facts confronting him, and which had been as patent to Bolter's Rents and "Fretwell's" as to the new existence at Skegs Shore. "What has happened?"

He associated her presence with some disaster at once; it was his nature, perhaps, and he was full of forebodings, like the rest of them, and doubted the dead calmness which reigned at Farm Forlorn.

"Are you strong enough to bear a little trouble, Greg?"

"I am always prepared for it," was the answer, and in so deep and even mournful a tone that Lucy regarded him wonderingly. He noted her look, and said: "I do not believe this peace *can* last. It does not seem to fit in with my life, with Kitty's, or anybody's here."

"I am sorry to add unpleasant news, Greg, to your present frame of thought. But walk a little way with me whilst I tell you all," she said.

"Morice?" he said, interrogatively.

"She is not listening. She will not understand us."

"Very well."

They walked on side by side, Greg's hand upon the bridle of his horse. People might have thought them lovers, had they chanced to pass that way, they spoke in such faint tones, and he bent his head so low to hear her story. He was very attentive, and did not interrupt her by a word; and once or twice he glanced at little Morice to note if she were listening too, or was likely to comprehend the explanation which the young mother offered of the incidents of the morning.

"I thought it was only fair I should tell you all this, and warn you," said Lucy, in conclusion.

"Thank you," he answered. "I did not think I had so true a friend. I am very deeply obliged to you, Mrs. Brake, for putting me on guard against an enemy."

"She is hardly an enemy," said Lucy; "she is thinking probably more of Kitty than yourself, and her disposition is so variable that she may become your friend, and take your part even, before your marriage day."

"Very probably," answered Greg Dorward; "for I do not consider Miss Brake responsible for all she says and does. You will forgive me if I pain you by this opinion; but it is mine. I think it is the master's."

"I hope it is wrong," said Lucy, not telling him that her own opinion, at times, almost coincided with his own. "And now will you trust Kitty to me to relate this story of a foolish fancy, as I have promised Miss Brake I would?"

"Kitty is strange. How will she receive such a story from you? How will you tell it?" he inquired.

"Can not you trust me?"

"With my life."

She would not notice his impetuosity, but continued, very calmly:

"I can assure her honestly that never in my life have I thought of you with any affection"—he shrugged his shoulders at this—"save the respect of one friend for another," she added; "that I was glad to hear of the engagement between her and you, and thought it was best for both; that you have had a boy's fancy, a boy's folly, whilst away from her, and it is ended now completely; that you are looking forward to the future with her, as to no other future which could give you happiness."

Greg listened as patiently as he had done to her story of Miss Brake's interposition.

"Yes," he said, listlessly; "tell her that, if you like."

"And as the truth?"

"Heaven knows what is the truth," he said, in a deeper tone; "neither you nor I, Lucy Brake, as yet."

"But—"

"Tell her what you please; I think, with you, it is better in your hands. Say all you can to make this a light and pleasant jest, and to spare her. I shouldn't like," he added, thoughtfully, "to make *her* unhappy; she's too good and honest for that. And yet—"

"And yet—what?" asked Lucy, as he came to a full stop.

"How will she receive your version of the matter? She is not like you, or any other woman, but herself. She will think with me, perhaps," he added, gloomily, "that this is the beginning of the end."

"I do not understand you now, Greg."

"No. Better, Lucy, that you should not."

He sprang into his saddle, and to Lucy Brake's astonishment turned his horse's head in the direction which he had come.

"I will find my way to the farm by another route," he said; "it will be better that I don't see Kitty yet. You will meet her coming along this road, and she will be surprised to find you instead of her old sweetheart. God speed you, and good-day!"

Lucy could almost fancy, looking up at his grave face, that there were tears swimming in his eyes; but that was hardly possible in a young man of so firm a character, and with so light a trouble, after all, to bear. And, before she was certain, he had ridden away at full speed, and left her to carry out her task, self-imposed, and in any fashion she might choose to adopt. She went on, wondering somewhat at Greg's manner, and the way in which he had received the news; and presently, Kitty Vanch in the distance—and in the bright sunshine—was seen upon the high-road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The woman in Leadville who shot her partner because he danced awkwardly has furnished an argument in favor of dancing schools which extreme moralists will find difficult to refute.

The Montreal *Witness* says that in Maitland recently a pump was inserted in a well that had been drilled through thirty feet of solid rock, and the first thing brought to the surface was a live toad. The name of the milkman who had previously used the pump is withheld.

Fifty-two tramps who applied for shelter at a police station in this city on a recent cold night were put under arrest. When they were searched, whiskey bottles were found on twenty of them. Who can consider the condition of the other thirty-two and still maintain that this is not a hard winter?

A shower of mud is reported from California. There being no political campaign in progress there, the occurrence is mentioned as a phenomenon.

A Philadelphian has obtained a verdict in his favor in a libel suit against *Mind and Matter*, a publication of that city. There have been triumphs of mind over matter and of matter over mind, but this is a case of the triumph of the plaintiff over both.

Under the Canadian law, a building can not be exempt from taxation unless it is used exclusively for religious services. The city of Montreal has made a claim for taxes against the Temple Emanu-el on the ground that a fair was recently held in the building for profit.

Additional evidence that this is a hard winter comes from Chicago, where a single pawnbroker has lent money on twenty-two hundred revolvers.

The history of a California post-office was told the other day in the Star Route suit. Mr. Walters, ex-postmaster of the Greenwood office, was asked in cross-examination to tell where Greenwood is, and he frankly acknowledged that he could not do it. He said that he lived in a tent, and wherever his tent happened to be pitched, there was Greenwood.

Statistics show that it is a misnomer to style Brooklyn the City of Churches. There is one church to every 1988 persons in Brooklyn, but at least four other large cities of the country have more churches in proportion to the population.

Marian, Mattie, and Rachel Coffin are three little sisters whose home is in Muirkirk, Maryland. Becoming interested in the effort to endow Harper's Young People Cot, they last summer resolved to work for it, and on December 15 they held a fair in the Muirkirk school-house, the result of which was a contribution of $100, sent to the treasurer of the fund. Of the $3000 necessary, more than $1600 have now been raised by the little readers of Young People.

An authority says that the wasp works two hours to the bee's one. The bee is satisfied to devote each shining hour to gathering honey, whereas the wasp stays up nights devising and executing plans to stow himself away in the lining of the unsuspecting farmer's Sunday trousers.

A lady who has recently returned from Europe, where she visited the art galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, is credited with having said that "for versatility of invention and variety of style none of the other German painters can compare with Unbekannt, a genius who figures prominently in the galleries of all three of those cities." It is presumable that her favorite English author is Anon.

"The Democrats of Maine have sworn off from fusion." Now let them continue the good work by swearing off from fusel.

Maine and New Hampshire are suffering greatly from a winter drought. Very little rain has fallen in those States since June. Mills are stopped, lumbermen are unable to float their logs, farmers can not get water for their cattle, and the resulting scarcity of money in circulation is severely felt by the tradesmen. "If rain does not come soon," says the Boston *Globe*, "the consequences will be appalling." An electrical storm in the West of unusual intensity is another odd feature of the present winter.

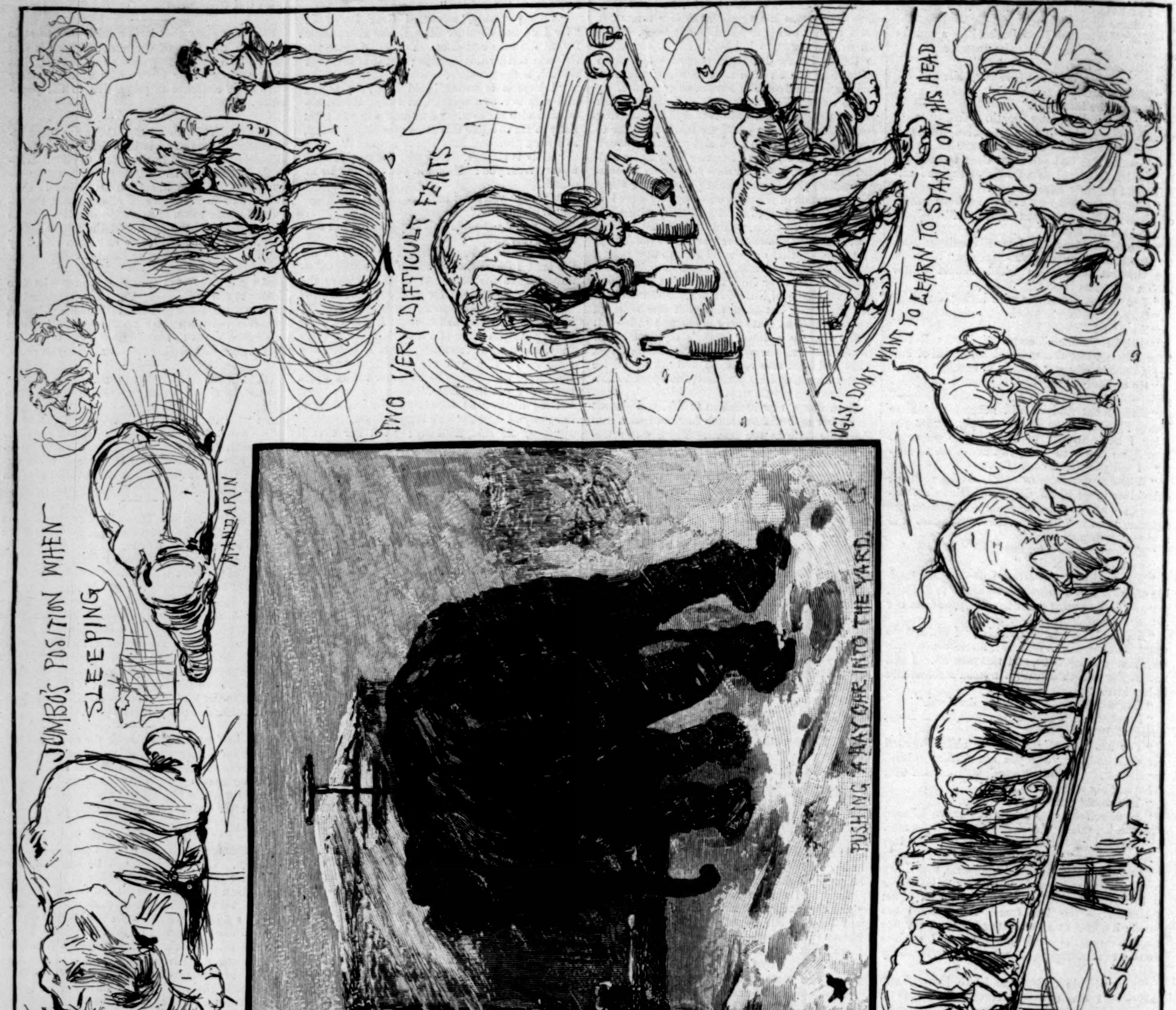
At half past eight o'clock the other morning Governor Butler was making the rounds of the departments at the State House to see whether the occupants were there on time. It is not stated whether he required the tardy officials to stay after working-hours and make up lost time.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the coinage of five-cent nickel pieces of a new design. The new coin will be one millimeter heavier than that in circulation at present, and will be a little larger in circumference and thinner. On the face will be a woman's head, bound with a fillet on which will be the word "Liberty," the whole surrounded by thirteen stars. The reverse will show the Roman numeral representing the denomination of the coin within a wreath. The description of the proposed coin seems to preclude the possibility of its being so ugly as the one which is to give place to it. Mexico is also going into the coinage of nickel pieces, machinery for supplying that government with nickel one, two, and five cent pieces to the value of some four million dollars having been shipped recently from this city.

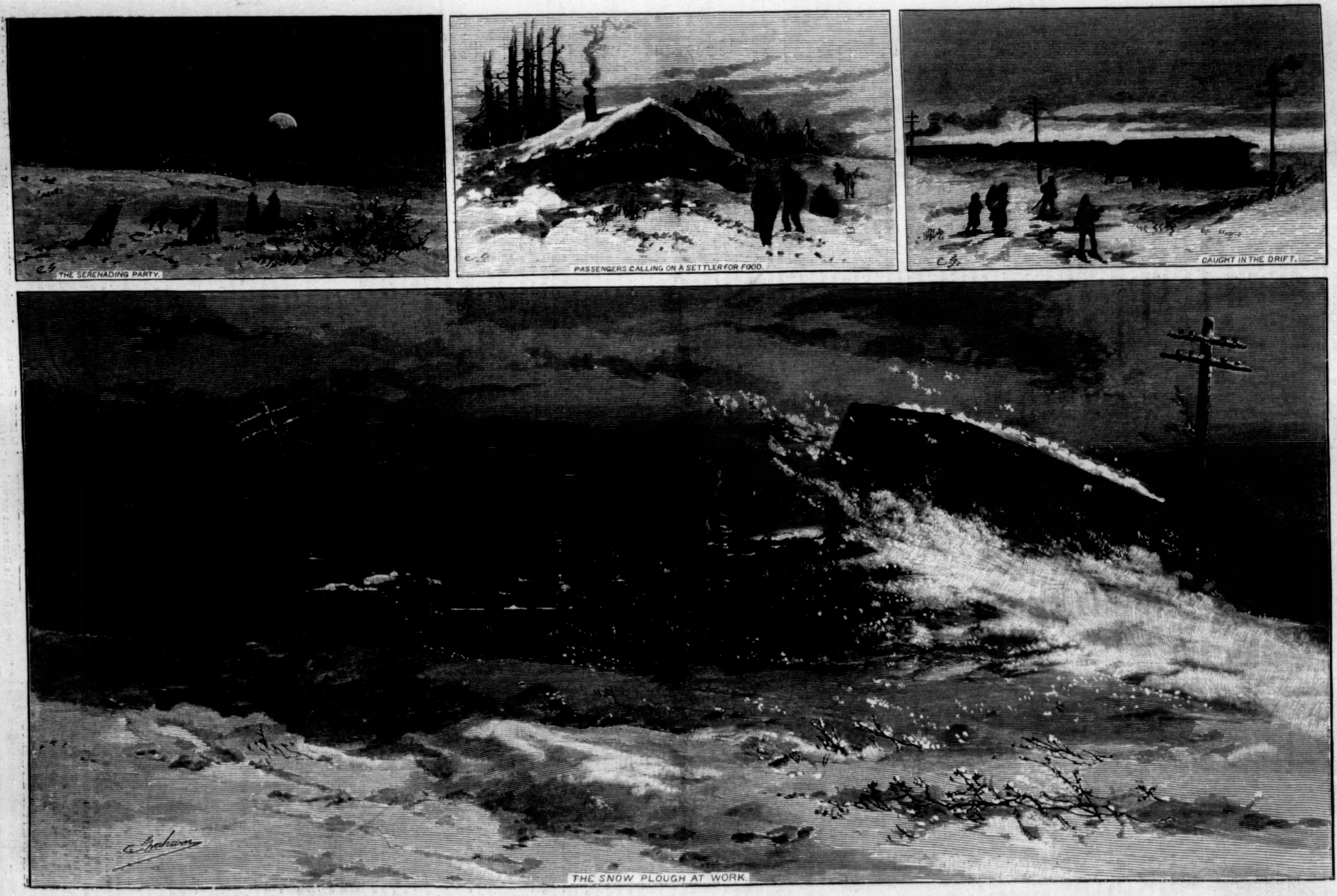
ELEPHANTS IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

If our readers will turn to page 106 of Harper's Weekly for 1882 they will find a full description, with illustrations by Mr. James C. Beard, of the manner in which the animals belonging to Mr. Barnum's establishment are housed, tended, and trained during the winter months. In many respects what may be called the home life of these animals is more favorable to the study of their habits and disposition than is their life of show and exhibition on the road, where they are constantly put through the unnatural tricks which they have been taught for the amusement of the public. There is something wonderful in the performances to which intelligent animals can be trained; and yet it is a pity that the public taste should demand a training which is not in accordance with natural aptitude. The movements of a well-ridden horse in the ring are graceful and beautiful, while nothing can be more ungraceful than the action of the same animal prancing round on his hind-legs in a so-called waltz. But the public will applaud the waltz more loudly than the natural action, as it will an elephant for standing on its head or balancing itself on a barrel.

The favored few to whom Mr. Barnum grants permission to visit his animals in their winter-quarters enjoy the opportunity of seeing these creatures at their ease, as well as in the process of training for exhibition. Both phases of elephant life are depicted in the sketches which were recently made by Mr. F. S. Church, reproduced on page 56. Some of these sketches are, of course, humorous exaggerations; but the incident of the elephant declining to be sketched was a real occurrence. While Mr. Church was sketching he observed that his subject was becoming uneasy, and was eying him with evident suspicion, at the same time twisting up a wad of hay with his trunk. Mr. Church went on with his work, however, until the elephant, his patience apparently exhausted, suddenly hurled the hard wad with unerring aim at the artist's head, which finished the sitting for that day.


JUMBO'S POSITION WHEN SLEEPING
MANDARIN
CHIEFTAIN
JUMBO & SCOTT 1865.
RELATIVE SIZE OF JUMBO & SCOTT 1882
TWO VERY DIFFICULT FEATS
UGLY! DONT WANT TO LEARN TO STAND ON HIS HEAD
CHURCH
PUSHING A HAY CAR INTO THE YARD.
SEE SAW
CHALKING HIS FEET
DONT WANT TO BE SKETCHED. THROWS A WAD OF HAY AT HARPER'S ARTIST.
LEARNING TO RING THE BELL.
THE MOUTH ORGAN
THE SLEIGH BELL POLKA
WHAT MR ARSTINGSTALL AND HIS ASSISTANT MR NEWMAN WILL PROBABLY BRING ABOUT.

BARNUM'S ELEPHANTS IN WINTER-QUARTERS.—Sketches by F. S. Church.—[See Page 55.]



THE SERENADING PARTY.

PASSENGERS CALLING ON A SETTLER FOR FOOD.

CAUGHT IN THE DRIFT.

THE SNOW PLOUGH AT WORK.

WINTER RAILROAD TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 58.]

WINTER TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST.

The enormous snow-plough represented on page 57 is well known in Minnesota as a famous road-breaker through the heavy falls of snow which frequently cause a temporary blockade on the railway lines. It is named "The Snow-King," and when propelled by two strong engines it will penetrate the largest drifts and clear the track for the passage of trains. When driven at full speed, it flings the snow right and left to a great distance, and is sometimes entirely hidden from view in the flying cloud it raises.

The smaller pictures on the same page represent scenes which are familiar to every winter traveller in the Northwest, but of which those who only read of them at the cozy breakfast table can hardly form a conception. Often a passenger train is stopped by the snow on the wild prairie miles and miles away from any settlement, and is obliged to remain there until the track can be cleared. Meanwhile wolves serenade the passengers by night, from a safe distance, and Indians—friendly ones—tramp over the drifts on snow-shoes to pay them a visit. It sometimes happens that a train is so long delayed that the passengers are compelled to wade for a great distance through the snow in search of food from lonely settlers, who rarely refuse to share their store with them. Winter travel in the Northwest has its picturesque side, especially when enjoyed by the aid of the artist's note-book; but the artist who thus contributes to the pleasure of our readers can certify that it also has its full share of discomforts and annoyances.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

Mr. Hollys, Villa Glorietta, Cannes, to Lord Llandudno, St. Gowan's, Merioneth:

"Dear Llanny,—I have run over here for two days to see the object of our mutual anxiety, Vic. is near too, by my advice: he's got his old tub in the Villefranche bay. I think she is looking worried; she says very little to me. I asked her about Renzo, and she said, very coolly, that he was in England at work on the frescoes; and hang me if I could muster up cheek enough to say any more. She has a way of looking at you that shuts you up at once. I pleaded Vic.'s cause; but I suppose very badly, for she only looked bored, and said it was a pity to bring boys out anywhere near that horrid Monte Carlo. She had been there herself, and couldn't see why people cared to go, but they did, and I had far better send Vic. home. I objected that an English Duke aged four-and-twenty, who was in the Life-Guards, was not to be treated like a child in the nursery. She looked more bored, and asked me the name of a horrid cactus that looks like a tennis racquet covered with bristles. I don't know its name; I don't know why such a creature should have a name at all. I am out of temper. I candidly confess it. I am very fond of Esmée, and I don't like being treated as if I were somebody seen at the gaming-tables or the railway station for the first time to-day. I don't like Mrs. Alsager either, who is staying with her, and does her no good. When I tried to get something out of Mrs. A. as to Renzo, the woman only laughed, and said she thought he was coming here. The C. of O. is in bed with a chill. She sends me little pencil notes three or four times a day—agonizing, frigid, terrible little effusions. She evidently considers I could marry Esmée to Vic. out of hand if I did my duty. She has fever from the sun, rheumatism from the mistral, smells typhus in the rose-buds beneath her windows, and cholera in the mignonette; is invisible, impotent, and still terrible, restricts her diet to Liebig and her receptions to the English clergyman; if Renzo come to Cannes, she will, she delares to me, be carried out of her bed in a *chaise à porteurs* to die. On the whole, the atmosphere is depressing despite a buoyant barometer, a gay thermometer, and a sea and a sun forever smiling. I don't see what I can do. As I said before, if Esmée mean it, she'll do it, and my only hope is in the man himself. I don't believe he will come to Cannes, and I do believe he is too great an artist to be a blackguard. I go back to Rome to-night, and am thankful. I feel like a fool when I look at Esmée and tell myself that I don't dare to ask her a point-blank question. But you didn't dare either.

"Sincerely yours, H. H.

"P.S.—Vic. lost a hundred thousand francs yesterday over there, and he would go back this morning first train. Lelah Dé is at the Hôtel de Paris, and I am very greatly afraid she'll get hold of him."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"You were wiser than I, dear old friend. I see in an English journal which I can just spell out that the young Duke is at Cannes also. Will she end in doing what all her friends wish? It must take so much courage, so much constancy, in a woman to resist the pressure of her world; and she is courageous, but not constant. At least I should say so. I may do her injustice; I did her much in the first day I knew her. The days go by drearily, and are very cold and dark. I am glad when the night comes, and the lamps are lit, and the big dog and I are alone after dinner in this library which has become almost a home to me. The head keeper asked me yesterday if I would not go out shooting. I could see that no words could have measured the might of his scorn when he had heard that nothing would induce me to kill any bird or beast that lives. The entire household think me a harmless lunatic, but they begin to like me.

"I work sedulously at the frescoes when the light permits; I ride sometimes; I read a good deal. There are thousands of Latin and of French books, and some few Italian ones. Her portrait stands on a large easel at the north end of the library. Both the dog Berwick and I look at it, and regret—in our divers ways. I am sure that he knows it is hers.

"It was Natale yesterday; a great deal was given away in her name by the stewards to all the poor for many miles around, but the people looked to me sullen. Perhaps they feel that she does not care a straw about them, or know A from B amongst them. It is a pity. She might so easily make herself beloved. At the end of my solitary dinner they brought me the national pudding—a gorgeous, indigestible globe; I thought it very nasty; Berwick approved and ate it. To-day there is a violent snow-storm. The whole country is white; the yews look very grand against the snow. I have been out and seen the deer fed: Nerina nibbled at her turnips from my hand. It is intensely cold. I pity the peasantry. The stewards give away a great deal of coal and clothing.

"She has sent me another little letter; she says she is sitting amongst geraniums in full flower on the edge of a marble wall overlooking a blue sea with the thermometer at 20° Réaumur in the sun. She asks me if I sometimes do not envy that. I envy the flowers that are near her—yes—but I answer her merely, and that is the truth, too, that I am growing enamored of these keen winds, this white landscape, these sombre woods, these dusky, oak-panelled chambers with their warm fires and their painted oriels. Perhaps I grow so fond of them because I know that in a little while I shall leave them forever, and my place will know me no more.

"I have made a discovery which overwhelms me so that I can scarcely see the paper on which I write to you. I have discovered documents that make me believe I was the legitimate son of the Earl Alured; at least so it seems to me, beyond any possibility of error. This is how I found them. Forgive me if I be incoherent. In arranging the drawings, etchings, etc., I had the permission of miladi to open all drawers, cabinets, and cases; she gave me an old and very imperfect manuscript catalogue to help me. In one corner of the library there is a secrétaire of fine Louis XV. work. It was full of old letters, old cards, old sketches; I did not like to touch these, though she had expressly told me to look anywhere I chose. As I was about to close the doors of the bureau I suppose I must have accidentally touched some unseen spring, for a panel turned and a secret drawer shot out; in the drawer was a packet of letters, a curl of dark hair, and a folded paper. I lifted the paper to re-shut the little drawer, and then saw that it was a record of their marriage in the church of S. Helena, in Rome. I copy it below; you see there is no reasonable doubt of it. I will write you more to-morrow. I feel stunned, and the room goes round with me. If I am not the sport of a delirious dream—oh God, if my mother were living!

"My letter was too late for the post last night. I add all I know. I send you copies of the letters that were tied up with my mother's hair. They are her letters—*cara anima!*—Italian, ill-writ, overfond; telling so little and yet saying all. I see the whole story in these piteous letters. He married her privately, and was ashamed of her, and she was left in obscurity, and he went into the world, and then came jealousy and misunderstanding and rage and doubt on her side, and anger and indifference on his; and there must have been some Iago near to suggest to her the doubt that her marriage had been only a farce, and so she ran away blindly, madly, to her own old home and found her father dead. There are only her letters. There is nothing to tell us what Lord Charterys thought or did. I imagine he was a heartless man, who found his liberty welcome and did not seek her, and so never knew of me. I dare say he was ashamed of his folly in wedding a peasant girl from the Sabine hills. One can not tell. That is all a blank. But the records of the marriage are clear. The date is thirty-four years ago. I am his lawful son. I am her cousin.

"Two days have passed since I wrote you. I am somewhat calmer. A deep gladness has succeeded the madness of my first amazement. The shadow is gone off my life. I am any man's equal now. I do not know whether these things would content the law; they content me! How strange the hand of fate that led me here! My poor mother! how plainly one sees her story in those letters! The passion, and pain, and jealousy, and doubt, and all the pitiful weakness and ignorance, are so sacred to me. They did not touch him; I suppose they only irritated him. Some men are made so. When they are thus, women only break their hearts on them like frail ships on a rock. He must have been cruel to her. I can not forgive him. But what I think of more than of her or of him—Heaven pardon me!—is Esmée; I may call her so now. I shall stand in her place; she will hate me. After being the recipient of her goodness and her trustfulness, I shall despoil her of her kingdom if ever I make this known. It is I who am Lord Charterys! She will hate me. ……I have been out in the great dusky woods. It is very cold and the wind is high, but it did me good; it cooled the fever in me. I feel as if I had done her some treasonable wrong. This is childish, I know, but I can not help myself. If she had not trusted me with these library keys I should never have known my own rights.

"To-day my friend in Rome sent me word no one would buy the sketches, but he sold a little marble that I had, which is said to be of Mino di Fiesole, for thirty napoleons, which he sends me. I will go up to London, and get the address of a great lawyer from our consul there, and take the lawyer's opinions on the facts. I shall give him no names, so there will be nothing risked. I have spoken of the Earl Alured with the land-steward, who knew him well. He describes him as a wayward, inconstant, and unstable man. He was thrown by his horse shying near these very gates, and died instantly on the road. Perhaps had he lived he might have sought my mother out in after-years. I will try to think so.

"I have been to London and seen a famous man of law. I showed him copies of all the documents, without any names to them, and after careful examination he gave it as his opinion that the marriage was quite legal (as a merely religious marriage was so at that period in Italy, and this earl was of our own religion, as the whole race was in old days), and that the proofs were sufficient to give the son by such a marriage title to inherit, provided the son was distinctly proved to have been born at the date I described. That, we know, is easily done. The lawyer said there would be, no doubt, long litigation; the other side would contest; marriages in Italy before the Independence were irregular and often secret, and so subject to suspicion; the case would go up to the House of Lords; it would be long, but there could be no doubt, he thought, of the ultimate result if the facts and the papers were as I stated to him. I thanked him, and came back here.

"When the great gates were thrown open in the twilight I felt that I came home. It was very odd to know that I was the owner, the master here; an English earl—I! Then as I sat before the hearth with her dog's head on my knee, other thoughts came over me. The lawyer had said *the other side would contest.* The cold sentence had gone to my heart like a knife. She and I should be enemies! There would be nothing for either of us to be ashamed of in the facts that would be made public, yet it would be hateful—we should be foes. The lawyer, indeed, suggested that perhaps the present owner of the property and name might yield without law if convinced of the justice and veracity of the claim. Yes; she would yield at once, my beautiful proud cousin! She would go out of my house, and leave me master here, and never see my face again! What should I have profited?—and there is a meanness and a treason about it, too: but for her condescension to me, her trust in me, I could never have known this. I could never even have guessed that my poor mother had wronged herself by her hasty flight and unhappy suspicions, and that I had been born in wedlock. It seems treacherous, unworthy, to use the results to dispossess her of her heritage. This is what torments me; I can see no way by which I can come by my own without injury and pain to her.

"There is more still to remember: as I say, when once she knows that I am the Earl Alured's legitimate heir, she will wait for no decision of the court; she will scorn to defend herself by any legal quibble or flaw that may present itself; she will give up everything, and—hate me forever. Or, even if she be so generous as not to hate me as a usurper, she could never, she would never, forgive the man who took advantage of a search which she permitted to him, of a sojourn to which she invited him, and whilst he staid beneath her roof used his leisure to undermine her claims—claims that the law and the world have allowed her all her life. Even if she believed all these papers to be genuine (and she might even not believe that), she would despise the person who brought them forward against her. This is my torture, my perplexity. So well I love her that to be recognized as the Earl of Charterys by all England will avail me nothing if I lose her smiles. Though my honor be cleared, and my pride is now a permissible thing, I am more miserable than I was before I opened that secrétaire. I see no way by which I can make good my title and yet retain her favor. If I show her these papers, I must seem her foe forever; I may even seem a traitor too. I would sooner remain Leonis Renzo whom she respects, and whom—perhaps—she loves. Counsel me, dear and reverend friend."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ICE PALACE IN MONTREAL.

Dancing in an ice house may strike the dweller in temperate zones as a somewhat stiff and cheerless form of recreation. At the same time the spirit of our arctic and antarctic contemporaries in accepting the rigors of their respective climates, and pretending that they like them, is worthy of praise. The glad spontaneity with which the students chose the only available horse of Hobson set an illustrious precedent. Since Russia and Canada can not be moved ten or fifteen degrees toward the tropics with the autumnal equinox, their people do well not merely to fence themselves against the cold with such palliatives as furs and blubber and hot toddies, but to maintain that they enjoy the winter. They dauntlessly toboggan even when they have to rub frost-bitten noses with snow and handle brittle ears with extreme caution; and they propose at Montreal to waltz, or at least to promenade, through colonnades and under glittering roofs of ice by the cold glare of the electric light.

This year, indeed, the Montrealers (or should they be called the Mountaineers-Royal?) have bidden defiance to their fate with an ostentation heretofore unknown. Their ice palace is not the first in the world by many. It was a hundred and forty odd years ago—in the winter of 1740, to be exact—that the first ice palace celebrated in authentic history reared its crystal battlements on the shores of swampy Neva, and ice palaces along that river are now regular features of the St. Petersburg social season. But that "eligible winter residence," which everybody pretends to know all about, and which nobody, not even a cyclopædia, seems really to know anything about, would have been laughed to scorn and tepid water by the Montrealer of 1883. For the "palace" of Czarina Anna was only fifty-five feet long by fifty wide and twenty high, while the central tower of the palace on Dominion Square will reach the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and its other dimensions, as may be inferred from the illustration, are upon a really palatial scale. Adherents to "truth" in architecture will, however, be shocked to remark that the constructor of the Montreal palace has not confined himself to doing what could be done with his material, but has made a hidden frame-work of timber for his towers of ostensible crystal, and has constructed his roof of poles covered with cedar brush. After this frame-work is complete, it is to be expected that critics of Milesian extraction will throw cold water on the architect's efforts.

It is not said that the Montreal people have emulated the Russian Czarina in establishing ice cannons before the portals of the palace, from which ice balls could be, as the historian absurdly asserts, fired, or, as he meant to assert, expelled, without exploding them until they struck the target. But we can not expect the Canadians to emulate the Russians in all things glacial, since ice commonly forms on the Neva to the thickness of more than three feet—a figure which, we believe, the St. Lawrence has not yet attained; and loyal Canadians will read with envy that in a well at Yakutsk, the earth was once found firmly frozen to a depth of 382 feet.

But if the Canadians do not emulate the Czarina in "firing" frozen cannon, they do emulate the American small boy and Pietro de' Medici, at whose order Michael Angelo modelled a statue of snow, in applying their abundant crystalline material to the plastic arts. Two sentinels of snow guard the entrance to the palace, and if the condition of the snow permits, it has been intended to build also two Esquimau huts. Mr. Ruskin "takes on" a good deal, in his eloquent way, about the injudicious conduct of the Florentine Doge in setting Michael Angelo to do ephemeral work. A statue of ice has its disadvantages, perhaps, in a liability to confusion between the shadows and the reflections, but only think what we might have been spared if half the statues in Washington had been made of molten ice instead of molten bronze!

In all seriousness, the preparations for the Canadian Carnival seem to have been made with the utmost intelligence and liberality, and they ought to secure a brilliant success. The arrangements have been in charge of a committee of citizens, and the sports have been planned by consultation of all the curling, skating, snow-shoe, and tobogganing clubs. The programme begins with the "inauguration" of the ice palace on the 23d, and extends over the rest of the week. It includes contests in trotting on the St. Lawrence, curling and skating, snow-shoe races and steeple-chases, a fancy-dress carnival at the skating rink, a ball at the Windsor Hotel, and a torch-light procession of all the snow-shoe clubs. The Mayors of other Canadian cities and of New York and Boston, and Governors of States adjacent to Canada, have been officially invited to attend the Carnival, which promises to be memorable in the annals of Montreal. Rooms have been engaged during the period of the festivities for many families of New York and other American cities.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

One wild March night, not many years ago, two young men walked rapidly through the main street of a crude Western settlement. There was little attempt at paving, as the place seemed to be scooped out of the solid rock which hemmed it in. The width of the street was a serious drawback to its distinction. The houses on either side, slanting down from the hills behind them, dilapidated, detached, and with little or no attempt at architecture, became more insignificant by the long distances which separated them and their grim surroundings. An icy wind, that grew more and more violent at night-fall, congealed all inclination for conversation, but the younger of these pilgrims muttered through his chattering teeth,

"God-forsaken, beastly hole, Max!"

"Not altogether," replied his companion. "Look yonder, Tom!"

The wind, increasing in velocity, drove before it the murky clouds that had rested upon the jagged hill-tops, and all at once could be seen a hundred martial, maritime, and grotesque shapes clearly defined upon the sky. Myriads of stars began to glow with wonderful brilliancy, but the younger traveller gazed longingly upon the minor lights of the railroad depot that shone hopefully in the distance. The wide portico of a country store loomed in sight; cheerful arrays of patent medicines with their gaudy placards adorned the windows; the battered and broken-nosed figure of an Indian maiden insured the presence of tobacco to the way-worn traveller—and Tom began to soften with these signs of approaching civilization.

"We'll soon shake the dust of this wretched place from our feet, Max," he said. "I've had a nasty presentiment hanging over me all day that something would happen here; but there's the blessed old flaming eye of the engine at last."

It all happened in a quarter of a minute, even as Tom spoke. A wagon came rapidly down the steep cross-street, the driver vainly endeavoring, as he saw an old woman on the crossing, to arrest the speed of his vehicle; his beast was intelligent enough to aid him in this endeavor, but the grade was steep, and the old woman stumbled. Max sprang forward just in time to lift her to her feet. As he rose to his own the shaft of the wagon gave him a rough poke upon the leg, which made him wince for a moment, but he carried his light burden to the corner, where she struggled down out of his arms, saying, in the weak, tremulous quaver of age, "Thank ye, thank ye, young man," and hobbled away upon her stick in the gloom.

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The man in the wagon called out: "All right, boss? Nobody hurt, I reckon?"

"All right—nobody hurt," echoed Max, and the wagon went rattling on.

The old woman had already disappeared; the engine was belching forth flame and steam only a few rods away. In less than five minutes Tom was filling the brackets over their heads in the car with their travelling traps, and singing softly,

> "I got broke at playing poker,
> Three of a kind."

This was Tom's favorite pæan of joy. He never got beyond the one line and the refrain, but these seemed to suffice him. He broke off shortly, however, upon looking at his companion. Max was deathly pale, a white quiver about his mouth had a premonition of ghastly faintness about it.

"Hallo, old fellow," cried Tom, "you were hurt, after all; take a swig of this."

He poured some liquor down the throat of Max from a little brown flask, which quickly brought him round, but Tom remained anxious.

"Where's the trouble, Max?" he said.

"Only a blow on the leg," said Max. "I shouldn't wonder if there was a black and blue spot there as big as your hand; but that's all. I'm tired and hungry; let's eat something."

They fell to upon a little supper which Tom brought from the recesses of his travelling bag. The train started on, Max regained his fine florid complexion. Presently he let his head rest upon his beard, and closed his eyes in a light and easy slumber. Tom drew a breath of relief. The train increased in speed. As it went spinning eastward the very cockles of poor Tom's heart warmed at the thought of home. He pulled up the collar of his overcoat, extended his feet upon the luxurious upholstery of the seat ahead, folded his hat into a pillow, and was soon mingling his humble snore with the continuous rattle and occasional shriek of the railway train. With the morning came an amelioration of the cold, but it brought with it fog and mud. The nine miles' ride at the close of the second day, over an uneven country in a lumbering stage-coach, wrung sometimes from Max an exclamation that was nearly akin to a groan; his leg had been a little stiff when he got off the train. Tom thought it was the awkward position in which he had slept. He began now to be of the opinion that a touch of rheumatism might be at the bottom of the trouble.

"We'll give it a rub with some of Aunt Em's liniment when we get home," said Tom, with a soft inflection upon the last word. Tom wouldn't have believed it possible he could have been so ridiculously glad to get back to stupid old Barnesville; he had been so grateful to get away from it, at that time, he had made up his mind that in the whole range of the States he could not stumble upon a duller, more perversely stagnant and exasperating spot than the village of which his father was so proud. It nettled him beyond endurance after he got back from college to see his father stand with his back to the dining-room grate, his hands folded beneath his coat tails, and hold forth by the hour upon the petty themes discussed in the City Council, of which he was an influential member. A sword hung conspicuously over the mantel-piece, which seemed to Tom to crown the absurdity of the scene. The little attention Tom had given to the sanguinary ancients during his collegiate course increased his contempt for the regiment of home guards at Barnesville, of which his father was the colonel, and the approach of Washington's birthday quickened Tom's decision to join his friend Max Beling in that venture out in the mining districts.

"Why, you'd better stay till after the twenty-second," said Aunt Em, who was busy with silken flags and rosettes at a side table. "Merry's coming home from school on purpose, you know."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I thought it judicious to send for America—in—a—fact, I believe she is to personate the Goddess of Liberty; she is tall for her age, you know."

Yes, Tom knew she was taller at fourteen than most girls at twenty. He was exceedingly fond and proud of his sister, but he went, nevertheless.

Tom left Barnesville without a single regret, and vowed in his heart that many a year should go by before he should again see the white houses and green blinds, and little front gardens, and neat palings, and slender saplings of elms and ash-trees and maples that at stated distances marked so many miles of his father's domain. This young lad of twenty, in the innocence and arrogance of youth, thought of many a lively joust and tournament that awaited him yonder, which made the present placid surroundings insipid beyond degree.

Five years had gone by, and he was coming back again, with a lively respect for the flesh-pots of Egypt. He had spent all the money left him by his dead mother, a considerable sum loaned him by his father, not to mention some little savings of Aunt Em's. He had spent all this money, and was coming back for more. Yet he had not been given to riotous living. Heaven knew the simple fare upon which he had served, the rough raiment he had worn. The money had all gone in unfortunate ventures in the mining districts. His friend Max had risked and lost even more than Tom. Fortune was a fickle jade, and had led them a sad dance, but at last she had warmed to their favor, and now the tide had turned. All this new investment wanted was a little more capital, and their fortunes were made. His father had a clear head for business; it would be an easy matter to assure him that the venture was a safe one, and at last the future would be secured. Tom thought this all over as they jogged along in the stage-coach, and as the familiar old landmarks began to appear he put down his coat collar, brushed his hat with his sleeve, pulled his pantaloons down over his boots, and began to feel that he was Thomas Jefferson Barnes, the only son of Colonel Barnes of Barnesville. His dark, thin, eager face grew more and more jubilant as the fine fertile lands of the old homestead were passed. Acre after acre of orchard and meadow and woodland were pointed out as the property of Colonel Barnes, and presently the jaded horses began to pull up the hill to the big, square, newly painted mansion that crowned its summit. A crimson flame from the setting sun burned in each window-pane, a brand-new flag floated from a new flag-staff, and a second portico and observatory had been added to the already fine and bedizened building.

A few hours later the elder of our pilgrims found himself arrayed in the one extra suit that he had worn upon state occasions for an incredible period of time—a sack coat and pantaloons of blue flannel, and a high military vest: indeed, the whole appearance of Max smacked of the martial. His skin was bronzed by exposure; even his hair had been toned by the elements to a dozen different shades of reddish-brown. His shoulders were square, and his big shapely head had a trick of inclining forward upon his beard, which somewhat detracted from his extraordinary height, but gave him, the colonel thought, a Napoleonic air of deliberation and distinction. The colonel was positive that Max had seen some sort of service; the stiffness in his leg was immediately accounted for by the fretting of an old wound. Tom humored this fancy, but begged his father not to mention it in the presence of his friend, as he was particularly sensitive upon this point.

"Modest attributes that very commonly belong to heroic natures," acquiesced the colonel. He was standing in his old attitude before the drawing-room grate, his feet far apart, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. Max was tormented by an idea that the colonel closely resembled a hoary sheep that had been a pensioner upon the mining camp for many years—the peculiar triangular shape of his head, which was pointed at the bottom, long and narrow, clean shaven and bald; the expression of the face, bland, timid, deprecating, yet persistent; even the blatant tones of his voice, which went beyond Max, and reached a small, daintily dressed, neat, and dapper gentleman, who had been introduced as Mr. Fry, a prominent lawyer in a neighboring city, and a candidate for the Legislature. Max found his feet sinking into a fine velvet carpet, and above his head the ceiling was frescoed in what he supposed was the prevailing style of the day. Chandeliers of crystal shed rivers of light upon striking pictures in gorgeous frames; upon the satin, brocatelle, and ebony of the furniture; and even as Max's eyes rested upon one of the heavily belaced and upholstered windows that lined the apartment, it resolved itself into a door, through which glided a tall slender girl, with bare shoulders, and magnificent black eyes that rendered the rest of her face pale by contrast. Her ears and neck, arms and fingers, Max thought, were disfigured by chains and rings, and when he took her out to dinner, his stiff leg became awkwardly entangled in her long train. The weather-beaten red in his cheeks deepened, and he did not know how much he was disconcerted until Miss America begged of him not to begin to hate her for the accident.

Max bowed with scant and stiff courtesy, and wondered how this young woman with the ridiculous name of America could be the little sister that Tom so adored. She talked too much, and as if she had known Max for years (which she had, in truth, through her brother's letters); she was overdressed and too handsome, and too conscious of a loveliness that Max never could admire; she was able to stare a fellow out of countenance, and it was very difficult to take up the thread of conventional chitchat when one had been buried in the heart of a cañon for five years, which any sensible girl would know, and not stare, and not chatter.

"Of the Goddess of Liberty style," Max said, scornfully, to himself. He was puzzled to keep up with the routine of the meal, which was not only in courses, but served with too many silver and cut-glass accompaniments for the simple convenience of Max Beling. The variety of forks alone became a study to him. If America could only have known the cause of his vexation and abstraction, it might have saved her a deal of future trouble: she would have begun by pitying him, perhaps despising him; but Tom had led her to form an exalted conception of his friend's character, which her own extravagant imagination had completed. When poor Max was puzzling over the peculiar shape of one of his extra forks, America thought he was deep in some abstruse problem in metaphysics or mining machinery; in the mean while the furtive and disturbed glances she bestowed upon him were interpreted into pity and ridicule by Max, and so these two really sympathetic and congenial natures misjudged each other.

Nevertheless, each dreamed of the other all night—a natural sequence to their discomfort in each other's society. To Max it took the shape of nightmare. He dreamed that he was stretched upon the rack for refusing to disclose a state secret, and that the beautiful America, attired in a décolleté costume of alternate stripes of red, white, and blue bunting, presided at the instrument of torture. He awoke to find that his leg was becoming the theatre of some positive suffering. It was sore to the touch just below the knee, and the red spot which had formed there was increasing in size. In spite of every effort to the contrary he was compelled to relinquish his desire to walk over the estate after breakfast, and to accept the ignominious alternative of a drive in America's pony-phaeton. He felt bigger than the pony and heavier than the phaeton, and what with a vague uneasiness about his leg, and the presence of the lady executioner in his dream, he was in no humor to enjoy the drive. He was relieved, however, to find that America did not begin to chatter, and that she wore a quiet, sensible sort of suit buttoned to the throat, with hat of some neutral color to match. Her hair was brushed back and caught in a simple knot in her neck, so that, as she drove, Max could readily admire the exquisite proportions of her head. The morning was fine and breezy; the pony, seemingly undisturbed by his extra load, trotted cheerily along, shaking his shaggy mane, and making a merry rattle with his hoofs on the excellently conditioned road. The village was left speedily behind, and they soon entered a woodland path where, in the nude branches of the trees, premature and amatory songsters were already prospecting for nests. The moss about the old gnarled roots looked fresh and green, and in a sheltered nook Max pointed out to America the first violets of the season. She threw him the reins, and as she came back to Max and gave the frail blossoms to his keeping, he began to thaw with the rest of nature, and to talk in a way that was new to America, but delightful. At first she thought he was trying to suit himself to subjects that she could understand, his discourse was so simple and natural; but she soon gave up conjecturing, and yielding herself to the enjoyment of the hour, became as natural and simple as himself. In this way they grew to understand each other before many miles had been trotted over, and Max, now fully at his ease, and with a strange sense of happiness hitherto unknown to him, even went so far as to tell her of his dream of the night before.

"I assure you, Miss Barnes," he said, "you really did give an extra screw to the torture with your own hands. I can feel it in this miserable joint of mine yet." She looked upon Max with an expression of such sweet compassion that he hastened to add: "I'm glad of the extra wrench that disabled me, for otherwise I should have been trudging over bald and boggy fields with your father and Tom, instead of exploring this exquisite bit of woodland with you."

"It is strange, but I also dreamed of you," said America, gravely.

"Oh, did you, indeed? Well, be as frank as I was, and tell me of your dream."

"It was too ridiculous," said America; and Max saw the color creep into her clear pale cheek. To his confusion, he felt his own beginning to tingle.

"Could it have been more ridiculous than mine?" he said, gently.

"In another way," she replied. "I dreamed that you rescued me from something horrible." Here she blushed deeper, and paused.

"A dragon?" said Max, with ill-concealed curiosity. And she replied that it was not a dragon; and by that time they were trotting up the avenue of poplars, and soon Max saw her disappear up the broad staircase. Tom was coming down. Max saw that he was pale and disturbed.

"I must have a talk with you," said Tom: "let's take a turn about the grounds." Then, noticing that Max limped painfully, "The devil!" he exclaimed; "that's another confounded nuisance that must be seen to at once." Then he took Max's arm, and helped him up the stairs to the guest-chamber he had slept in the night before. Tom shut and barred the door, and coming close to his friend, who had thrown himself with an air of exhaustion into an arm-chair, he said, in a tone of suppressed wrath and disappointment: "There's no hope here, Max—nothing but a hodge-podge of ruin and desolation. My father is next door to a beggar."

Max bore this news with resignation. He had been thinking while limping up the stairs that all that spoiled America was the natural meretricious consequence of being rich.

"I spoke to my father," continued Tom, "right after breakfast, determining to have the thing settled at once, and he confessed to me that it is merely hanging on by a thread so far as he is concerned—that everything is mortgaged to the hub, and the depreciation in real estate has made most of the mortgages fairly cover the property. It is only the peculiar and lucky relation that this little sharper of a Fry holds to the family that saves everything from going to the hammer. Fry holds all the mortgages, and is lenient about the interest, as well he may be. He's got some money himself, and has the handling of a quantity more through a rich old grandmother out West. When he marries Merry, this whole property will come into his hands."

"When he what?" said Max, suddenly leaping out of a sort of lethargy that had crept over him.

"When he marries America, my sister," said Tom. "Fortunately for my father he has a daughter beautiful and wise enough to keep the wolf at bay. It's a lucky thing for Merry she's not the kind of girl to hobnob with poverty. She'll see to my father and Aunt Em. As for me, the pick and pan of a miner— But what in thunder—hey! Max, my boy!"

Max was shaking and chattering in a congestive chill; his face was livid; his nails purple. Tom got his friend to bed, and sent for a doctor at once. Max scrambled out of the chill into a fever.

"Some trouble with the bone," said the doctor. "Brings about a nasty complication sometimes. Keep the patient quiet just now."

Which was easier recommended than done. Max tossed and tumbled and talked wildly, and with an unnecessary form of patriotism, Tom thought, about America and the Goddess of Liberty.

"I'll save her, Tom," whispered Max—"I'll save her if I die for it. I did once, you know."

"Save who, my poor Max?" said Tom.

"Why, the Goddess, you know—the Goddess of Liberty! She's turning the screws again in that accursed rack, but she don't know it. Who would have believed she could have been so simple and womanly and sweet?—as fresh and pure, before Heaven, Tom, as the violets she held in her hand. I hated her by gas-light in her low dress, with all those gewgaws about her."

Tom saw that his sister's face was red and pale by turns. "Perhaps you'd better go out of the room, Merry," he said. "God only knows what fancies beset his brain." Merry thought she knew; she fancied she could tell of a certain Venetian vase that held the very violets Max raved about.

The violets in the Venetian vase were dead; others had taken their place; March ripened into April, and April was fast verging to May, and still poor Max was a prisoner in that fine luxurious upper chamber in the colonel's house at Barnesville. His leg had all this time been under treatment, and the doctor thought it possible by a series of probings and applications to effect a temporary cure. "The core of the disease will possibly remain for a longer period," said the physician, "but the fine physique of the patient will bring him round when he can get air and exercise."

Max's fine physique, however, began to be rather against him than in his favor. The doctor leaned to the opinion that he would prefer a more sanguine temperament.

In the mean while the most of Miss America's time was spent in the vicinity of the sick-chamber. A wonderful aptitude as a nurse had developed itself in this versatile young woman, and she had even shown a rare ability in concocting broths and dainties to tempt a jaded appetite. As usual, she devoted herself to this new hobby with enthusiasm.

"She gives her whole heart to everything she undertakes," said the colonel, apologetically, to a visitor who had called several times and found it impossible to see the daughter of the house; "but this mania will spend itself like all the rest, and then she won't want to hear of a sick person for a twelvemonth."

The colonel's auditor smiled complacently, and began to talk of other things. Although there was something amounting to a betrothal between himself and the lady in question, his mind also was preoccupied and absorbed. An unlooked-for complication had arisen in his own affairs. His grandmother had altered her will, and left more than two-thirds of her property in a way that might occasion Mr. Fry considerable trouble. He was compelled to go out and see the old lady, and had called to bid Merry a brief farewell. Under these circumstances the young woman consented to come down. She left the hot hand of Max and his eager, devouring eyes, for the cool, clammy palm and the foxy gaze of her promised husband. Merry found, as they stood together, that she really was a half head taller than Mr. Fry, as Max had once laughingly told her. She looked down upon the dapper little man with grave courtesy, and left her hand in his own, but he saw that her manner was constrained and her attention wandering.

"I won't keep you from your studies, America," he said; "I'm in somewhat of a hurry myself; I must catch the noon train." Then he went on to tell her that his interests with his grandmother were seriously threatened, and his presence was necessary out there for a short period; that he would write, and he hoped she would find time to reply. America promised she would write, and began for the first time since their engagement to find it absolutely repugnant to her to have his thin lips touch her own. He was ordinarily a cold, unimpassioned wooer, and was not a whit warmer now than usual; but custom required that he should kiss her good-by. America yielded to the brief caress, but it was only when he was well out on the portico, with his hat on, and barely time to catch the train, that her manner warmed to the occasion or the impatient crimson abated in her cheeks. On her way back to Max's chamber she stopped in her own, and laved her face, her lips, and washed well her hands. She met the doctor in the corridor, and behind him was evidently another professional gentleman. They both walked gravely and silently down the stairs to the lower hall, where the colonel was pacing to and fro, his hands beneath his coat tails.

"Ahem!" coughed the colonel, sympathetically. "What is the ultimatum?"

"Just as I said," replied the family physician: "an amputation is necessary to save the patient's life; but he objects—strenuously and violently refuses."

Merry ran up the stairs without waiting to hear more, and found her brother Tom sitting by the bedside, his face buried in his hands.

"Here is your sister, Tom," said Max, with a warning inflection in his voice, and holding out his hand to the young girl with his usual cheery smile.

"You needn't try to conceal anything from me," she said. "I know all about it; I am studying medicine and surgery, and mean to be a physician. Now that the worst has come, we can meet it bravely. You'll get well and strong, and be yourself again, Max; and, after all, an old soldier surely don't mind the loss of a leg."

Then Tom, seeing a look of distress in Max's face, told Merry for the first time of the rescue of the old woman.

"If she had been young, or even pretty," groaned Tom; "but she was a veritable witch—there was something uncanny in her whole appearance, and no doubt she held an infectious curse about her. Her old bones might better have been ground to powder than to have brought all this about, for she hadn't long to live in any case; but Max was always reckless."

"You'd have done the same thing," said Max, "if I had not anticipated you."

"THE WAGON CAME RAPIDLY DOWN THE STEEP CROSS STREET."

"I wish I had," cried Tom—"I wish to Heaven it was I that had to choose between my leg and my life; the leg would go mighty quick!"

"Your leg is of less consequence to you, perhaps, and your life more," said Max. "The one would be useless to me without the other, and both are of little account. You know, Tom, that I haven't a relative or friend in the world outside of yourself."

Here Tom saw that his sister had reached the door, and was beckoning him out of the room.

"You must get upon a horse," she said, as soon as the door was closed upon the sick-chamber, "and go down to the city, and bring those doctors back with you before night. The operation must be performed at once; and tell them to get more doctors if necessary—to spare no expense. I've—I've got money of mamma's, you know, Tom," she stammered, gently—"that dear mamma left me for my own."

Tom nodded. That money of their dead mother's was bound to go in some way.

"But Max has not consented," said Tom.

"It doesn't matter," said Merry; "it must be done. He'll know nothing about it till all is over. Do you go after the doctors, and I'll see to the rest."

It seemed to Tom that the remaining hours of that day went by like a queer, awful dream. He remembered bringing the doctors stealthily in, and becoming conscious of a faint odor—sickening, sweet, overpowering—that filled the room immediately afterward, of holding his sister tight in his arms in the adjoining chamber while something terrible was going on inside there, and during an agonizing tension of his nerves, later on, hearing a terrible cry burst from the lips of poor Max.

"Gracious God!" he groaned, "whose work was this?"

"Mine!" said Merry. "*Did* you think I would let you die?"

It would have taken a stronger man than Max to have turned away from that beautiful, earnest, pallid face now caressingly close to his own. Tom looked on in speechless and rapt dismay, remembering his father's perilous plight.

Max remained dazed and bewildered, but after that first outcry made no complaint. The operation was eminently successful. The doctors rubbed their hands over it, and eulogized the system, the patient, each other, everything and everybody concerned. A speedy convalescence and radical riddance of the whole disorder was prophesied. But days went by—weeks—a month and more, and still Max lay under the silken canopy, his face as waxen and weak-veined as that of a sick infant, his eyes unnaturally bright and hollow, his hands feverish, and his whole aspect fit to strike terror to the hearts that remained steadfastly but despairingly fond.

"Life is sweet, Tom," Max said one day. "I never thought it could hold so much of happiness; but you see, I can't, I must not live—it would be too cowardly; there's no other way out of it but to die. Would you see your incomparable sister tied for life to a pauper and a cripple—the wife of a one-legged flag-man at a railway crossing, or accompanying his efforts with a hurdy-gurdy upon a tambourine? Then remember the desperate condition of your father. My good Tom, it is a hopeless case."

It was a long speech for poor Max. Great beads started out on his forehead, and his voice had sunk to a whisper before he was half through with it. But it told the whole story.

"We might take Merry's money into consideration," said Tom, then paused, remembering the insufficient quantity there was to take. Tom plunged his hands deeper into his hair, and wished there was a bank somewhere adjacent, and he was an A 1 tip-top burglar with an elastic conscience. He felt positive that only a few thousand dollars would develop the mine to such an extent that another leg would be a superfluity to Max.

One magnificent morning in June, Nature was at her happiest, at her best. The long windows of Max's chamber were opened to the full; the branches of the sycamores tempered the rays of the sun and subdued the frolic of the breeze. A celestial silence reigned in the garden below, where the tulips blazed, the pinks exhaled spicy odors, stiff parterres of blossoms were made wanton by bees and butterflies, and pale phantoms of statues were robed and relieved by a prodigality of reflected color and shade; the birds sang, the bees hummed, all in an under-tone of dreamy delight. But the pale lips of Max broke into an old rhyme that somewhat marred the voluptuous ease of the moment:

"Oh, to think my name is crossed
From duty's muster-roll—
That I may slumber through the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul,
Free as a liberated ghost!
Oh, to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while—
That fire from which I come as the dead come
Forth from the irreparable tomb!"

Two human beings in the next room looked at each other in speechless dismay. Tom shook his head, and let it fall, with a gesture of despair, upon his hand again; and Merry, to control her nerves, picked up a paper that had lain upon the table since the previous day. A sealed letter, addressed by the same hand, had remained there even longer. They were both from the Western town where Mr. Fry was still sojourning. His grandmother had died in the interim, which palliative calamity threatened further complications and a longer delay. Merry opened the paper, and read it with her eyes alone; the nerve that connected the organ of vision with her brain was dormant and paralyzed. The advertisements, being in larger print, she read first. Presently her eyes fell upon the following:

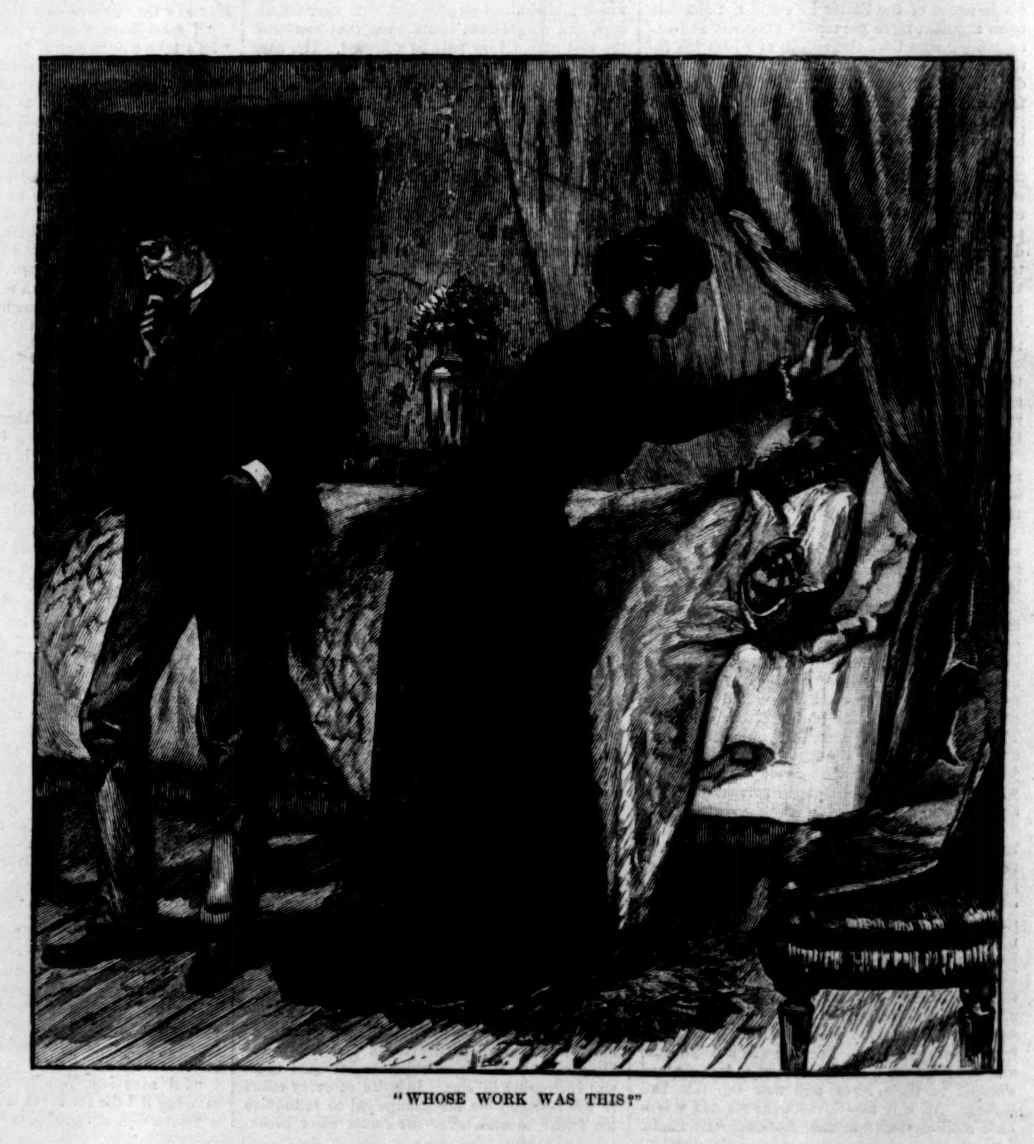
"If the tall, brown-whiskered gentleman who, on the evening of the 18th of March, near the depot at ——, rescued an old lady from being run over, and immediately afterward, with his companion, took the train eastward, will communicate with H. K. Fry, solicitor, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Merry read this over several times, sometimes repeating the words half aloud to get their meaning, her eyes gradually gaining intelligence and expression. Then she turned to the neglected letter and broke the seal. Her hands trembled, and her lips parted eagerly. She drifted over the letter till she reached the following passage: "And this, dear America, is the story the absurd old lady told: that while crossing the street she stumbled, and a wagon rattling down the hill would have inevitably gone over her had it not been for this tall deliverer, who seized her in his arms and carried her to the corner; that he was himself struck by the pole of the wagon, but, apparently unhurt, took the eastward train. And to this mythical knight," added Mr. Fry, "my grandmother has left one-half her money and her share in the mine. The money alone will amount to sixty thousand dollars. But I doubt if he can be found very soon, and in the mean while I am the executor and administrator of the estate."

Merry's eyes had dilated to an enormous extent; a crimson flame burned in her cheek. The letter and newspaper she clutched in her hand, and striding over to Tom, touched him upon the shoulder. Tom looked up, and was startled to find this magnificent face glaring down upon him. Merry thrust the paper into his hand, and pointed to the solicitor's advertisement. Tom read, and the paper began to rattle in his fingers. Then Merry pushed the open letter upon the paper, and pointed to the interesting paragraph. Tom read, and his face grew pale as ashes. He shortly arose to his feet, to the ends of his toes, and lifting the letter above his head, went pirouetting around the room, singing in an effective undertone this touching refrain:

"I got broke at playing poker,
Three of a kind!"

This powerful tonic had to be administered to Max in small doses; but we must refer the reader for the sequel to this story to an issue of the Barnesville *Chronicle* some months later on. It was a lengthy bit of eloquence, but the pith of it consisted in the information that the bridal excursion of the happy pair—which was in rather a barren direction for a convalescent, however—included a suggestive visit to a prosperous mine, and that the sole party who accompanied them was "our esteemed fellow-townsman Thomas Jefferson Barnes, Esq., the brother of the bride."



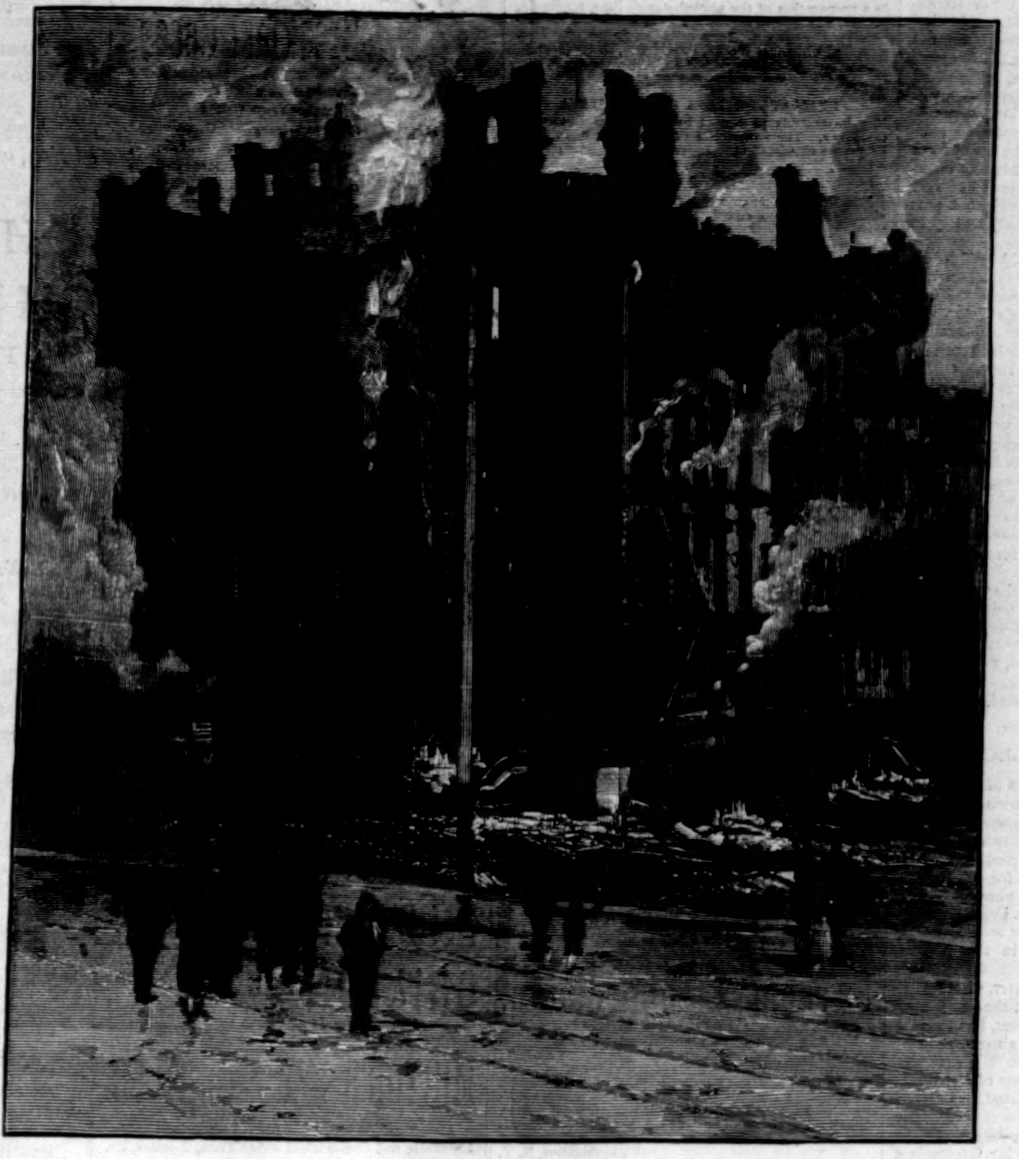
"WHOSE WORK WAS THIS?"

TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.

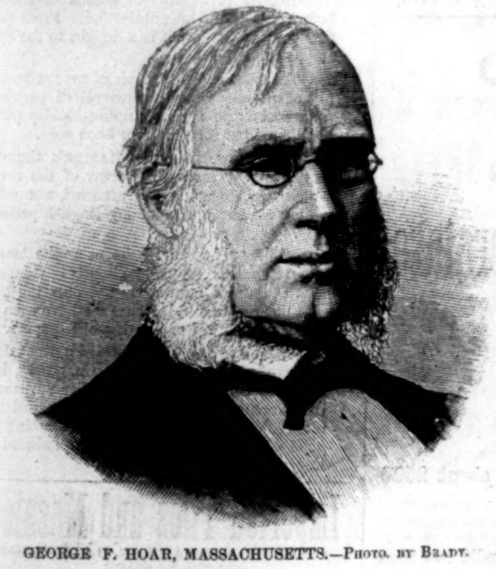
Those of our readers who are familiar with the State Capital will remember the plain but commodious "brown-stone" building which for nearly a quarter of a century stood on the corner of Pearl and State streets, half-way up the steep hill the brow of which is crowned by the Capitol. The site of the building is famous in the annals of the city. There, until 1832, stood the "White House," the parsonage of **Balthazar Lydius**, whose name was borne by one of the principal streets of Albany until in a moment of weakness and ambition the city authorities committed the folly of substituting that of "Madison Avenue." The parsonage was built of white brick, brought from Holland along with the bell and pulpit. After the building was abandoned as a parsonage it was occupied by the publishers **George** and **Charles R. Webster**, who sent out from it to the limits, not then very extended, of the Union the "Webster's Spelling Book," which until very lately held its own in many a school of the State. There also was printed the old Albany *Gazette*, a noted journal in its day. The building was shaded by the "Old Elm-Tree," the chief of those which made Pearl Street on a midsummer day, before the march of improvement had widened it, one of the most charming of the winding streets of Albany. The old tree on the corner stood till 1877, and when it was cut up into relics for the reverent Albanians it was found that several inches in thickness of its trunk was thickly studded with tacks, it having been in former times the favorite place for posting all sorts of public notices.

Tweddle Hall was built in 1860, and was at that time and for a long while after the only decent assembly-room in the State capital. It was the scene of many a notable gathering and entertainment. Its acoustic properties were peculiarly good, and it was a favorite house with singers, some of the most celebrated of whom have been heard within its walls. It was in Tweddle Hall, on the 31st of January, 1861, that the famous Democratic Convention was called to consider the then troubled condition of the country, and at which many words were spoken which their authors would afterward have given much to be able to withdraw. Everything was in confusion. Men's minds were excited not only by alarm for the existence of the government, but by partisan disappointment and disgust at the overthrow of the powerful party which had so long swayed the destinies of the government. Governor **Seymour**, Judge **Church**, Mr. **Tilden**, Hon. **Lyman J. Tremaine**, and **James S. Thayer** were the ruling spirits of the Convention. Mr. **Seymour** there delivered the first of that long series of characteristic speeches which made him one of the most conspicuous and most unfortunate men of his time. He likened the Republicans to maniacs at the burning of an asylum, and while beseeching his hearers to lay aside all party feeling, insulted and maligned the statesmen into whose hands the government was passing with the most cruel insinuations. Mr. **Thayer** went further. "If a revolution is to begin, it shall be inaugurated at home," he vociferated; and if "coercion" were to be attempted, he threatened the Republican leaders with the "guillotine." Mr. **Tremaine**'s language was scarcely more moderate, but it must be said of him that the actual rebellion found him among the most energetic and influential of the supporters of the national government.

At this Convention the venerable Chancellor **Walworth** was brought upon the stage to lift his feeble voice in deprecation of the horrors of civil war, and he drew a pathetic picture of the fate which he dreaded for the country should the government undertake to put down resistance to the laws by force. The Convention adopted a long series of resolutions, the most significant of which was "that the worst and most ineffective argument that can be addressed



THE RUINS OF TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.—Photographed by Notman.



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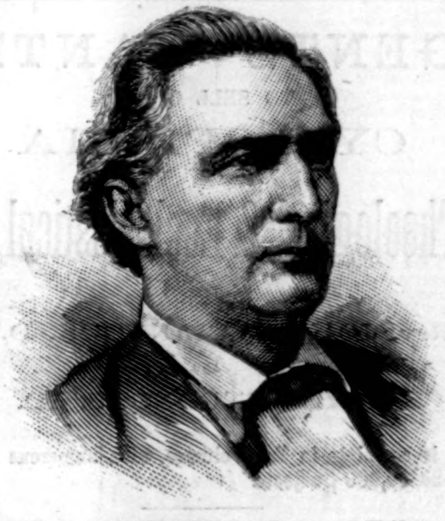

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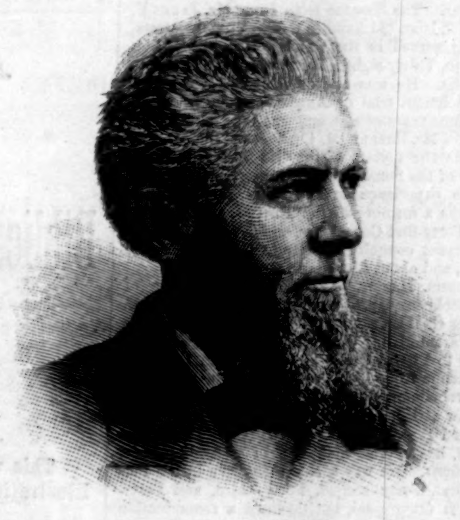
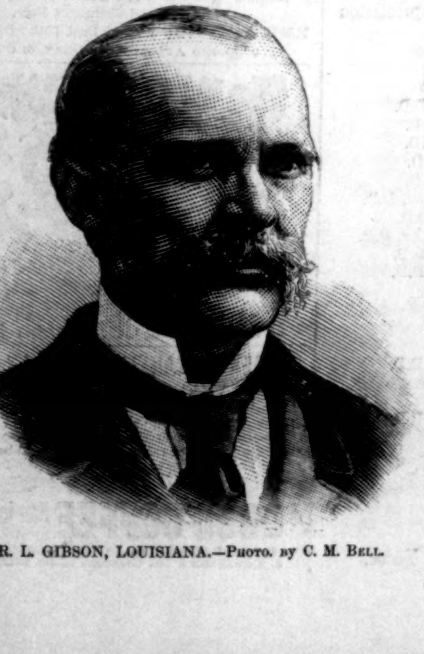
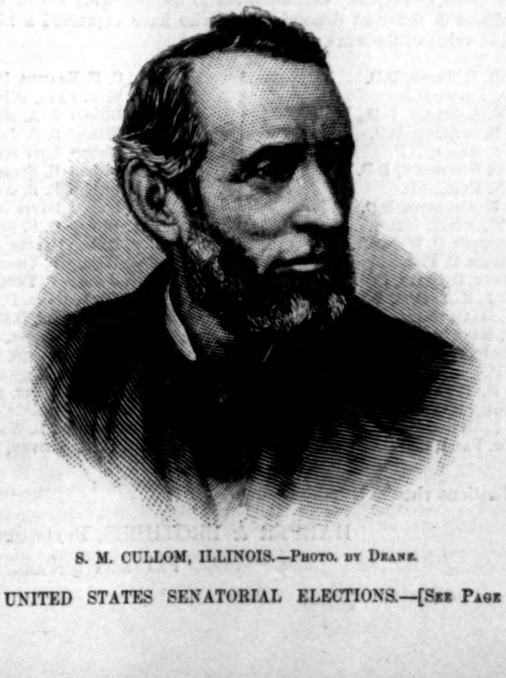


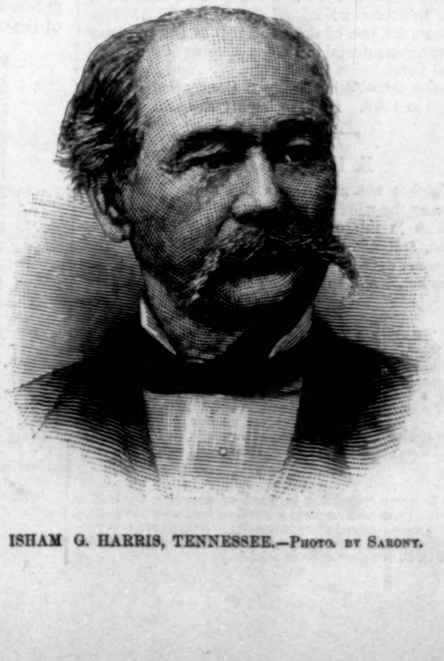
JAMES F. WILSON, IOWA.—Photo. by C. M. Bell.



R. L. GIBSON, LOUISIANA.—Photo. by C. M. Bell.



S. M. CULLOM, ILLINOIS.—Photo. by Deane.



ISHAM G. HARRIS, TENNESSEE.—Photo. by Sarony.

THE UNITED STATES SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—[See Page 62.]

by the Confederacy" (that was then the Democratic name for the United States), "or its adhering members, to the seceding States, is civil war. Civil war will not restore the Union, but will defeat forever its reconstruction." Delegates were named to a Peace Convention, which never met. The mischief done by the Convention was very great. It was one of the principal proofs on which the South relied that secession could be peacefully accomplished, and that the use of force by the President would awake the flame of insurrection in the North. Its records read like very ancient history. Most of the men who took part in it are dead, or sunk in an obscurity as impenetrable as that of death.

Of more recent conventions held in Tweddle Hall the one most likely to be remembered in political circles was that of 1877, when the first heavy blow was dealt to Mr. TILDEN's fortunes in the house of his friends, and the combination was formed in New York State which robbed him of the coveted nomination in 1880. Of the political meetings held there, one was made memorable by a speech from Governor MORTON, of Indiana. It was at the darkest period of the war. The hall had been partly packed with men sent to break up the meeting. As Mr. MORTON, then in the prime of his powers, was advocating the most energetic measures, one of the disturbers called to him, "Would you arm the niggers?" "I would fight the rebels with hyenas!" thundered the speaker, in a voice which rose above the tumult and silenced it.

Tweddle Hall was burned to the ground on the morning of the 16th inst. In point of safety in case of fire it was wretchedly defective. A delay of five minutes in giving the alarm enabled the flames to get beyond control, and had the auditorium been filled, the tragedy of the Brooklyn Theatre must have been repeated.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections to fill the places of twenty-six United States Senators whose terms expire on March 3 have been of unusual interest, and in a few cases have been closely contested. In a majority of instances, however, the present holders have been returned to their seats for another six years. Of the six Senators-elect whose portraits are given on page 61, four, Messrs. COLQUITT, GIBSON, WILSON, and CULLOM, are new men, and two, Messrs. HARRIS and HOAR, are in the present Senate.

Ex-Governor ALFRED H. COLQUITT, of Georgia, who succeeds Mr. POPE BARROW, the temporary occupant of the late Mr. HILL's seat, has made a good record in his State, but is altogether inexperienced in Congressional service. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, of Louisiana, the successor of Mr. WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG, on the other hand, has served four terms in the House of Representatives. He goes to the Senate by the unanimous vote of the General Assembly of his State. Mr. GIBSON is a Kentuckian by birth, and is fifty years of age. He served in the Confederate army throughout the war. The Senator from Iowa, Mr. JAMES F. WILSON, is an old hand in Congressional matters, having served in the House during the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth sessions. He was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of ANDREW JOHNSON. He is fifty-four years of age, and was born in Newark, Ohio. Mr. SHELBY M. CULLOM, of Illinois, who resigns the honors of the Governor's chair for those of the Senate, can also lay claim to considerable experience in the national legislature. He was a member of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first Congresses, and served on various important committees. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and about fifty-four years of age.

Messrs. HARRIS, of Tennessee, and HOAR, of Massachusetts, are their own successors. Mr. ISHAM G. HARRIS was born in Tennessee, was a Representative in Congress from that State from 1849 to 1853, a Presidential elector in 1856, and Governor from 1857 to 1861. He took part in the rebellion, and in 1867 resumed the practice of law at Memphis. In 1877 he was sent to the United States Senate. Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, has served his State in many important positions. He was a Representative in the Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, and Forty-fourth Congresses, but declined a renomination for the Forty-fifth. Mr. HOAR was an Overseer of Harvard College from 1874 to 1880, presided over the Massachusetts State Republican Conventions of 1871 and 1877, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876 at Cincinnati, one of the managers of the BELKNAP impeachment trial in 1876, a member of the Electoral Commission in the same year, and President of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1880. He is in his fifty-seventh year.

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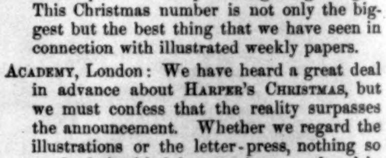

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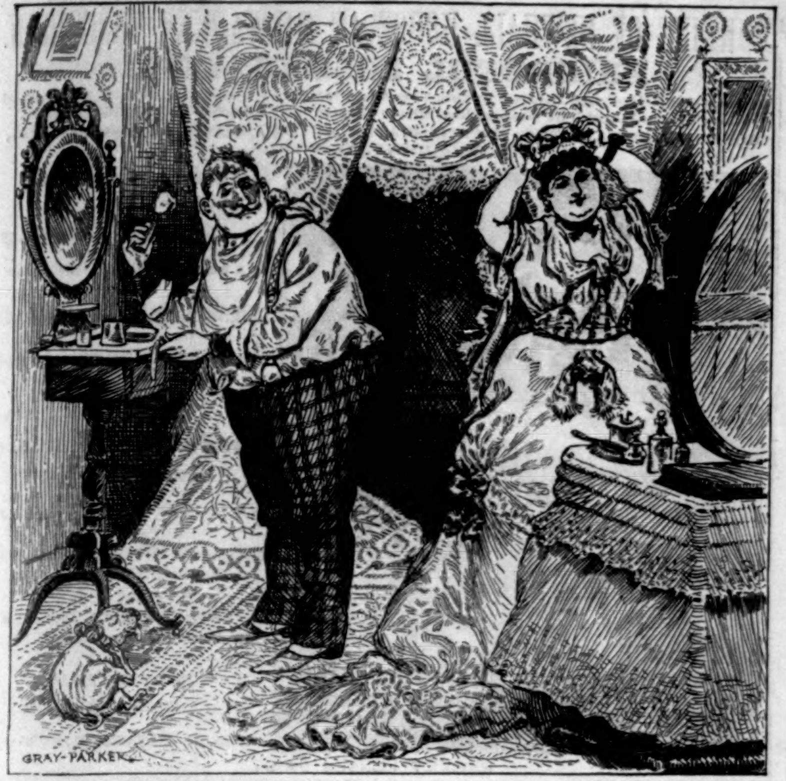

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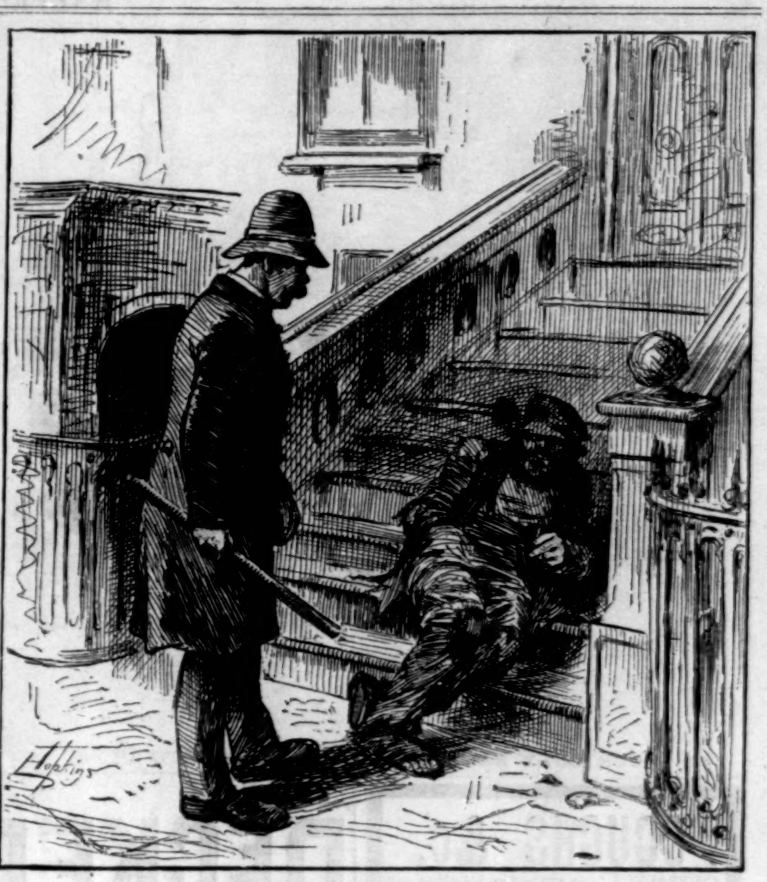

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POLICEMAN. "Well, if you live here, you have a key that will open the door; let me see you try it."

SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CITIZEN (*feeling in all his pockets*). "Why, yes, I have a night-key, o' course; but, as luck would have it, I left it in the pockets of my every-day clothes."

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